DON'T ARGUE

DO MEN select shoes by the reason and women, by the eye? Many men privately think so, but only an unwise man would say so. It might lead to one of those arguments!

THERE'S a better method than arguing. It's the Lotus and Delta plan. Let the man have his sensible shoes; shoes that he calls shoes. Then add to their substance character of shape and line. And the woman? Let her shoes be a joy to her vanity. And, when she isn't looking, add the comfort of a perfect fit.

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ADELPHI. Matinées Only, Daily at 2.
Gladys Cooper in "PETER PAN," by J. M. Barrie.
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"MADAME POMPADOUR." A Musical Comedy.
HUNTLEY WRIGHT. EDITH CECIL. BERTRAM WALLIS.
LEONARD MACKAY. EVE GRAY. DEREK OLDHAM.

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ANNIE CROFT, REGINALD SHARLAND and W. H. BERRY.
Seats booked at this Theatre for Adelphi and Apollo.

GLOBE. (Gerr. 8724). Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.
Subsequently 8.30. Mats., Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
"CAMILLA STATES HER CASE" by George Egerton.
MARGARET BANNERMAN. GEORGE TULLY.

NEW. (Regent 4466). At 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
MATHESON LANG in
"THE WANDERING JEW."

PALACE. (Gerrard 6834). Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
"THE CO-OPTIMISTS."
9th New Programme. "Their best yet."—*Evening News.*
4th YEAR—GOING ON FOR EVER.

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Over 90,000 little children die in England alone every year. Thousands of these deaths are preventable. The aim of the

BATTLE FOR INFANT LIFE

is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

a recognised Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Sq., London, S.W.
President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
Chairman: J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.

In those fleeting glances— *she read The Truth*

IT was to be an evening of rare pleasure—one of those intimate little parties where everyone knows everyone else. Basil had asked her to go and that meant inevitably that she wanted to look her party-best.

From her dark blue twisted hair bandeau to the tips of her dainty silver slippers she was a delight, but the party was barely under way when she noticed—

It might have been Basil's side glances as she danced with him or the quizzical battery of looks from the little group in the corner where they went for ices. She suddenly realised there were quite a few people she did not know and that made her embarrassment keener.

Then the truth dawned—it was that insistent obvious hair growth that she had tried so hard to control; first with a tiny razor that only seemed to make it grow faster and thicker and later with a disagreeable depilatory that smarted her delicate skin. She was sure this was attracting unwelcome and critical glances. How the self-consciousness did taunt and spoil her whole evening, only Janet knew the next day when they met.

It was then she heard of Veet, the new perfumed velvety cream that removes disfiguring hair as if by magic. Janet showed her how to spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube and in a few minutes she rinsed it off and the hair was gone. Janet told her she could get Veet from any chemist, hairdresser or store for 3/6 and 1/6 and that every other girl she knew was now using this wonderful cream.

May we demonstrate to you that Veet is most satisfactory? Veet is sold for 3/6 and 1/6 by chemists, hairdressers and stores the world over. Also sent in plain wrapper upon receipt of purchase price plus 6d. for postage, etc. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps). Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money will be returned. It has been endorsed by the medical profession. Address: Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 292W), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

VEET CREAM
Removes Hair Like Magic

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Now in Progress.

This is the opening week of the Greatest of all Shopping Occasions. The generous reductions and high quality Merchandise are the chief reasons of its success and popularity.

Remnants at Half-Price on Friday next.

Orders by post receive special attention.

32 W—Practical COAT in good quality Shower-proofed All Wool smooth Tweeds in smart invisible check design. Cut on practical lines with comfortable Raglan sleeves and well-tailored revers. Finished with two useful pockets and all-round belt. In shades of Light Tan, Brown and Grey. Lengths 46, 48, 50 ins.
SALE PRICE **29/6**
(Third Floor.)

129 W—Greatly Reduced. Useful Knitted SUIT in All Wool, with raglan sleeve, in pretty Heather mixture colourings, as sketch. In Brown Heather, Amethyst Heather, Grey Heather and Lovat and Dark Clerical.
Usual Price 39/6
SALE PRICE **29/6**
(Second Floor.)

36 W—Useful Mackintosh COAT in good quality Wool Cashmere, guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Single breasted shape with well-tailored revers, all-round belt and two useful pockets. In Tan, Grey, Nigger, Navy and Black.
Lengths: 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52 ins.
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(Third Floor)

EXAMPLE BARGAINS.

SECOND FLOOR

120W—Real Alpaca lace stitch cross-over JUMPER, with becoming long roll collar, finished long sash. Colours: White, Light Clerical Grey, Silver, Saxe, Cornflower, Pale Mauve, Shrimp, Apricot, Natural, Brown Heather, Chamois, Mole, Tabac, Brown. Sunburn.
Usual Price 45/6
SALE PRICE **29/6**

122W—Practical broad-ribbed Woollen CARDIGAN, in good quality and self colour. Colours: White, Black, Beaver, Putty, Champagne, Light Grey, Saxe, Brown, Fawn, Mole and Havana.
Usually 17/9
SALE PRICE **11/9**

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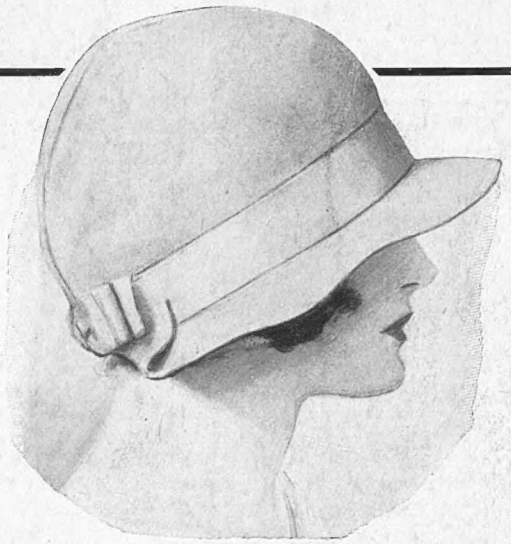

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"PATENT No. 218580" Proceedings will be taken at once against anyone infringing this patent.

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Coat - **8 guineas**
Skirt - **4 guineas**
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Suit, complete with Cap, **12½ guineas**

Maison Lyons Chocolates

Four Shillings per pound

NUTS—OR NOT NUTS?

The little grey squirrel of the woods knows what is good for him . . .

Miss 1925, who is in the picnic but not in the picture, knows too that the great variety of delicate coverings of Maison Lyons Chocolates are unrivalled—each centre a delicious surprise

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J. LYONS & CO., LTD. LONDON, W

The Bystander, January 7, 1925

No. 1101. Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

MRS. GUY COLTMAN ROGERS

The charming daughter of the Hon. Francis Egerton and Mrs. Egerton of Sumner Place, and niece of the Earl of Ellesmere

Political Potentialities

TO APPROXIMATE PHYSICALLY TO LORD BEACONSFIELD WOULD BE A MERE MATTER OF TWENTY MINUTES OR SO:

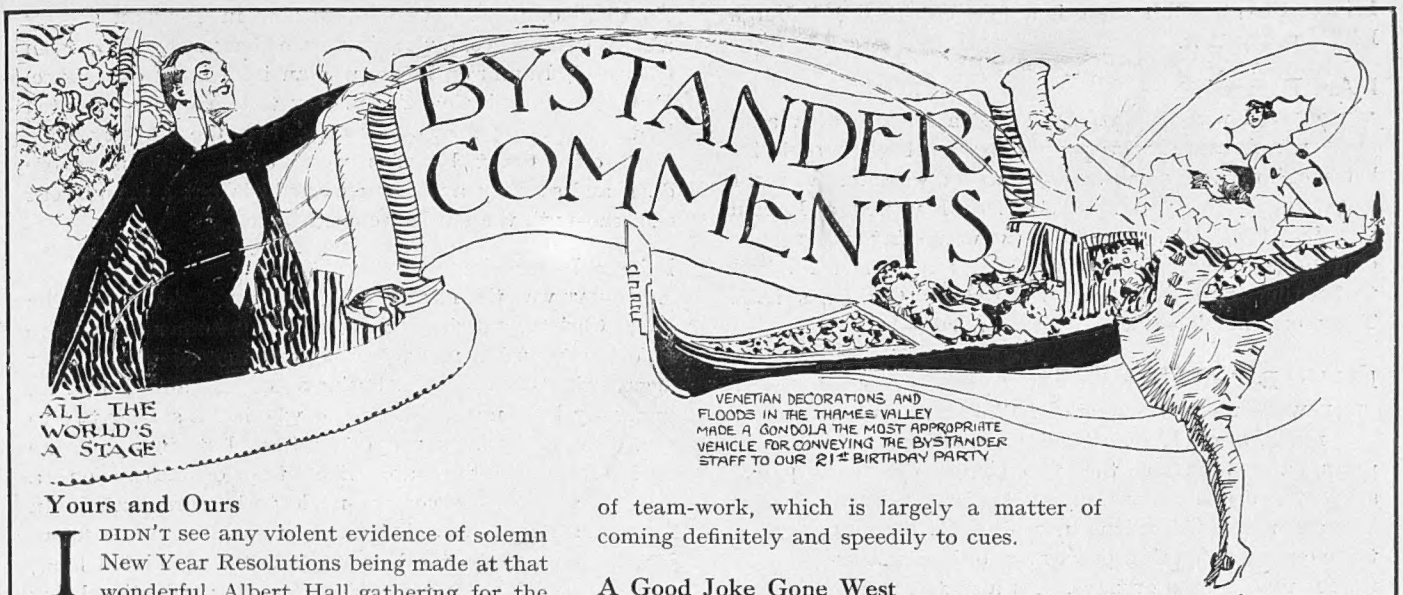
WITH A LITTLE ASSISTANCE FROM WILLIE CLARKSON HE MIGHT BE ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM MR GLADSTONE: (AN "ASSISTED" NOSE, OF COURSE)

QUITE PRAISEWORTHY EFFORTS TO ACQUIRE THE CYNICAL LANGUOR OF LORD BIRKENHEAD WERE, HOWEVER, FOREDOOMED TO FAILURE:

THE MEREST GLANCE IN THE ENCHANTED MIRRORS AT "CHEQUERS" WAS ENOUGH TO SUGGEST THAT A CROMWELLIAN RÔLE IS NOT UNSUITABLE

BY E. T. REED

Mr. Baldwin is sufficiently new to political power to leave open a wide range of possibilities as to his future development. To which of these historic celebrities of ours will he approximate?



Yours and Ours

I DIDN'T see any violent evidence of solemn New Year Resolutions being made at that wonderful Albert Hall gathering for the Chelsea Arts and BYSTANDER Birthday Ball on New Year's Eve. But stay—now I come to think of it, it certainly seemed that each one of the merry four thousand who danced around the big BYSTANDER Birthday Cake had firmly resolved—

(*a*) To love one another.
(*b*) To carry on all conversation in song.
(*c*) To shun all sombre garb.
(*d*) Never to tread on anyone's toes—except to music, and
(*e*) Generally to throw away dull care.

After all, there can be many worse resolutions than these, and if THE BYSTANDER has never achieved anything more than that—and, mind you, I say if—you will agree that we have not reached our majority in vain.

Those Cross-Word Puzzles

THE cross-word puzzle has swept the newspaper-reading public from their feet, and we are all trying to find a three-letter equivalent for terminological inexactitude, but the curious thing is that it leaves playgoers cold. Comedians are always looking for a topical gag to "take them off," as they say in the profession, but they all seem to draw a blank when they attempt to hitch their exit to the latest craze.

Coming to Cues

THE theatre is very funny like that. What goes in print seldom goes on the stage. The notorious Mr. A scored a dual success, and the pantomimes reek with his name, but the topical allusion is most decidedly on the wane. Neither is the modern comedian quite so happy a gagster as his predecessor. The slump in the music-halls is probably responsible for this, the solus and impromptu effort being entirely opposed to all principles of team-work, which is largely a matter of coming definitely and speedily to cues.

A Good Joke Gone West

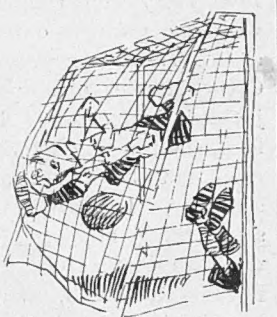
THE revival of Chelsea as a goal-scoring combination is very upsetting. When they couldn't find the net for little apples, their ineptitude was a constant source of entertainment, and, with Tons of Money and Tishy, they became the Big Three of the humorist's repertoire. The very word "Chelsea" was sufficient to raise a laugh, but those merry fellows who make capital out of the misfortunes of others must now look elsewhere for their inspiration. It is all very sad, particularly at this season of the year when the demand for jokes is apt to exceed the very limited supply.

The Church Militant

ATTENTION has been drawn to the fact that clergymen, as a class, live longer than any of their contemporaries, but no moral seems to have been drawn from this indisputable fact. A placid life spent in some quiet backwater is probably responsible, but it might be more in keeping with the welfare of the church militant if a generous scheme of superannuation were grafted on to the wonderful organisation under which its work is accomplished. Some country parishes are crying out for the strong lead that only youth and enthusiasm can provide.

So This is Edinburgh

WHY do Scotsmen come to England, and, if they must come, why do they stop so long. After spending the New Year in Edinburgh, I am prompted to ask the question in all sincerity. Have you walked down Princes Street on a bright afternoon in mid-winter? Have you seen the sun dropping down behind the Castle? Have you mingled with the promenade of shoppers purchasing the best Scotch shortbread and the best Scotch woollies? Myself, I know no finer street in the world than



Princes Street, and if there is a finer city than Edinburgh I have not seen it.

I Am Damned

WHEN I was very young, I had a High Church aunt who felt sure I was eternally damned because curiosity led me into a Nonconformist place of worship. Later, I was again eternally damned because I visited a Roman Catholic Cathedral. I am now wondering what good church-goers in England will think of me when I admit to visiting two Edinburgh theatres on Christmas Day. Truly, one man's meat is another man's—haggis !

Neither Diabetic Nor Decadent

BETWEEN the sugar-sweet of *Pollyanna* and the astringent nastiness of *The Vortex* lies a whole range of English plays, and between the two camps of these plays' supporters lies the great army of English playgoers. We are neither decadent nor diabetic because these extreme opposites prove more or less successful for two months or three. As a matter of fact, the one corrects the other, leaving us with our Milnes, our Maughams and our Shaw, to rejoice in the sanity and success of our modern playwrights.

Theatrical Knights

THE other evening I was present at a stern discussion on the subject of the next theatrical knight. Since the Labour Government went out of power the betting has been adjusting itself to changed conditions, and the names of Cyril Maude (said to be retiring very soon) and Fred Terry were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The argument that Cyril Maude had prejudiced his chances by long sojourn in America need not be taken too seriously, because the same thing happened in the case of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, but Fred Terry's healthy activities in the recent deplorable theatrical war should certainly secure for his nomination sympathetic consideration by a Conservative Government. And what about George Robey? Certainly, he has earned more for charities than almost any living man.

Listen To This!

WITH the sharp rise in sterling which has occurred in New York, we may hope to have heard the last of those invidious comparisons between the dollar and the pound which have caused so much heart-burning. Returning from New York at the height, or depth, of the slump, I was talking to a couple of very pleasant Americans when their young son ran up with a face of gloom. In his outstretched palm he exhibited a silver coin, "Look, pop !" he cried. "They've done a bum English shilling on me !"

Discovering Cologne

ANOTHER chord of memory is stirred by all this talk that has been going on about the evacuation of Cologne. To those of us who were stagnating in Belgium shortly after the Armistice, a trip across the German frontier, from Charleroi, Namur or Liege, was an interesting experience. True, it was a little embarrassing to be solemnly saluted by the imposing railway officials, but the novelty soon wore off. Great bargains were to be had in those days, and scarcely a visitor returned without a magnificent camera—until the stocks were exhausted.

Private Enterprise

WHAT was the matter with the Post Office during the Christmas period ? I don't know whether I was more unfortunate than most, but I experienced some most aggravating delays with business letters, and I met an unusually large number of people who had a similar tale to tell. One appreciates the difficulties, but in a private business, difficulties are like the obstacles on a steeplechase course—made to be surmounted. In spite of rush difficulties, this BYSTANDER found its way to the bookstalls at the appointed hour, those responsible for its production being well aware that no seasonable excuses would be accepted by its proprietors—or by the public.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE !" By MORSE

Thames Floods

THE disastrous Thames floods have washed into prominence all sorts of quiet retiring places that lie along the valley between Oxford and those Seven Springs at which the national river is supposed to have its origin. Thus, we read of St. John's Bridge, Lechlade, beneath which is the first lock on the Thames, a spot beloved by anglers who spend their evenings swapping yarns at the old Trout Inn, near by. Just round the corner is Kelmscott Manor, where William Morris lived and died, and as you stand on the bridge, the spire of Lechlade Church rises as gracefully from the meadows as when it inspired Shelley to write the famous poem that you have all read.

In the Vale

IT is a lovely spot, this low-lying and easily flooded Vale of White Horse. A mile up the river you will find the Round House which marks the junction of the Thames and Severn Canal, and if you follow this derelict waterway you will discover Kempsford, with its fine tower. By making a short detour, you will reach another fisherman's paradise in Fairford, which stands on the banks of the Coln, and from here to Burford, Northleach, Broadway or Cirencester is but a short spin.

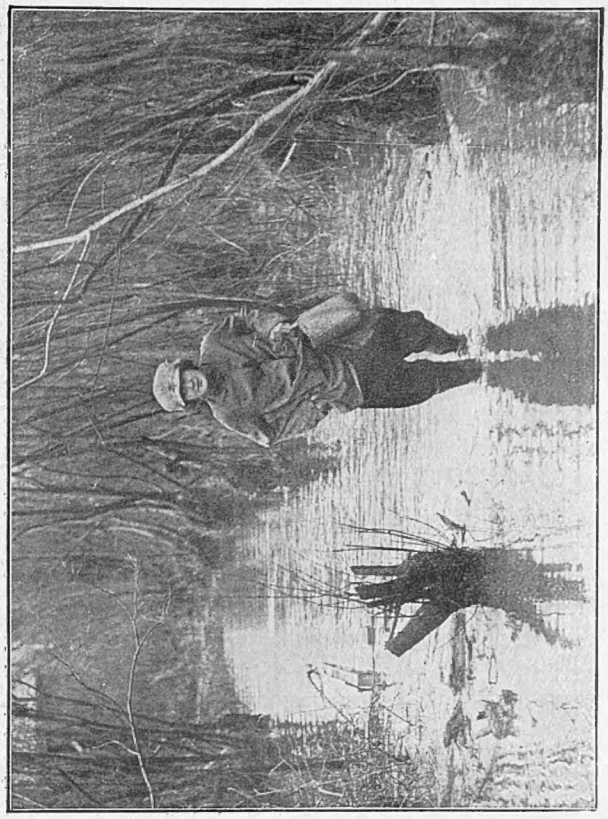
True Words

WILLIAM ARCHER, whose unexpected death has robbed the theatre of an outstanding personality, said a very true thing when he refused to continue his work as a dramatic critic after the phenomenal success of *The Green Goddess*. It was not good, he said, that a man should at the same time seek the bubble reputation as a dramatic author and act as a critic of other men's plays. True words !

All Ways the Same—Whatever the Season!

SPRING

An English Spring: Who does not know the thrill of a walk in some quiet country lane, the budding of verdant nature, the call of the early spring poet to his mate—if any. The birds happily trilling their mating song in leafy bower, the warming glow of the gentle spring sunsh—ah! the gentle sunshi—but again the word chokes us . . . .

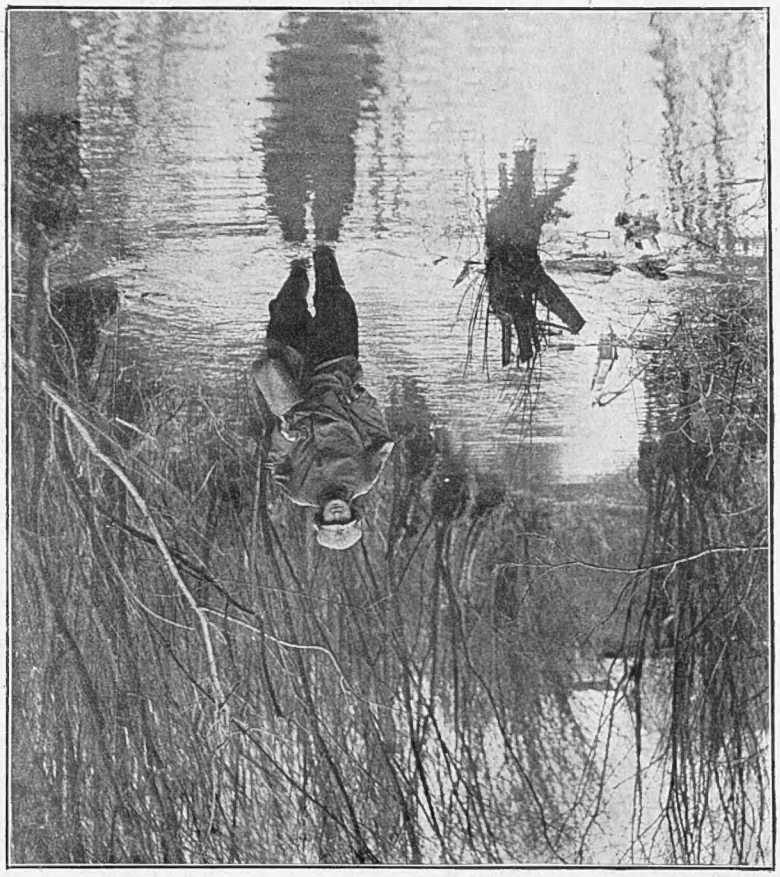


SUMMER

The swish of the racquet and the taut twang as ball sings its way over the net; the sharp thud of a perfect drive through the covers and the scurrying white figures over deep green turf; polo ponies with streaming withers in the heat at Hurlingham; a lazy afternoon in a punt in some quiet backwater where trees in full leaf hide the sun's fierce rays—so very fierce, so well hidden . . . .

AUTUMN

Gold and brown in the shortening days; the whirr-whirr of driven grouse over tawny moors; the sharp tang in the champagne air as one leaps over stiles on a brisk before-breakfast walk, eyes shaded from the gentle sun low in the eastern skies—oh! so very low . . . .



WINTER

L. N. A.

If Winter Comes . . . . . but that is difficult to believe, in a land that makes Switzerland look silly—very silly—and the Riviera a dull patch of misty drizzle. Tally-ho and shiver my timbers—no! shiver is quite the wrong word. For who ever is known to shiver when all's right with the world and, weather or no . . . .

Some say it ain't gonna' rain no mo', no mo'; others opine that Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Rain" is coming to England. Perhaps that will be when our own "goes to Spain." So why worry when every Season is the same, *whichever way you look*

THE SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATIONS AT BLAIR CASTLE

Topical

Members of the house-party at Blair Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Atholl celebrated their Silver Wedding. The group includes: the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, Lord James Stewart-Murray, Mrs. Armitage-Smith, Major Robertson, Miss Morley-Smith, Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieffe, Lady Helen Tod, Colonel and Mrs. Clark-Rattery, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Fotheringham, Mr. Drummond, Mr. and Miss Montgomery, Miss Drummond-Murray and Miss E. Drummond-Murray

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen's New Ladies

THE Queen has filled the vacancy of Woman of the Bedchamber, caused by the sad death in Scotland of Lady Elizabeth Dawson whilst the Court was at Balmoral, by the appointment of Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard, a daughter of the late Earl of Verulam, and widow of the late Major Hesketh-Prichard, who died two years ago.

Countess Fortescue, whose sister, the Hon. Lady Egerton, was at one time a lady-in-waiting to Lady Patricia Ramsay before she gave up her Royal rank on her marriage, has resigned her post of Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. Lady Desborough has been appointed in her place.

Lord Desborough is one of our greatest and most popular sporting authorities. There are no more delightful week-end parties than those which he and Lady Desborough give at Taplow Court, even when the Thames is in flood.

Lady Desborough, who is related to the Earl of Westmorland, was the niece of the last Earl Cowper. He left her Panshanger in Hertfordshire, a great pile of a building very much mixed up with the social and political life of the middle Victorian time, in which Lord and Lady Cowper played a big part.

Lately, Lady Desborough has lent Panshanger to her son-in-law and daughter, Air-Marshal Sir John and the Hon. Lady Salmond.

The Trouble in Egypt and Morocco

THE recent troubles in Egypt and the general unrest caused by the Spanish reverses in Morocco have led a good many people who had arranged to winter at Cairo, up the Nile, or in Northern Africa, to alter their plans. In Cairo, rooms in hotels which had been booked for months have been countermanded. The result is that the Riviera will be more crowded than ever, and I hear that the prices of rooms there are already beginning to soar.

[*Central News*

ENGLAND'S LINK WITH SPAIN

A charming studio portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain with her eldest son, the Infante Don Alfonso, Prince of Asturias

[*Topical*

IN HOLIDAY MOOD

Lord Birkenhead with the Governor of Madeira, who received him when he arrived with his family at Funchal, where the Christmas holidays were spent. Included in the group are Lady Birkenhead and the Hon. Eleanor and the Hon. Pamela Smith

Memoirs and Accuracy

I AM coming to the conclusion that accuracy is not the strong point of some of the memoirs which flow down upon us nowadays in such a ceaseless stream. I've had more than one shock to my belief recently. Let me tell you this.

I had a great-aunt, a redoubtable spinster of such extremely Low Church opinions that if the opinions had been any lower she wouldn't have been within the confines of any Church at all.

She terrorised the whole family. All the simple, pleasant, happy things of life were either "wrong" or "sinful." And when she elected to pay us a visit during the Christmas holidays our little hearts sank down to our toes.

The secret of her influence I have never been able to discover. It was not "expectations," because she only had a life interest—a very comfortable interest—in a property left her by another family relation whom she had terrified into wearing a piece of blue ribbon on his coat, morning, noon and night, by conjuring up visions of the painful frizzle that awaited him hereafter owing to his love of vintage port. Her influence, I think, must have come from an overpowering personality. She made you feel that if she disapproved of you there was no hope anywhere for you, that Heaven itself closed its gates at her behest. There can't possibly be anybody like her in these days.

Poole, Waterford

FIELD MANŒUVRES

Captain J. W. R. Robinson, the Hunt Secretary, with Mrs. Fielding-Johnson, wife of that well-known Quorn follower, Captain William Fielding-Johnson, of Strancliffe House, Loughborough, at a meet of the Quorn at Wanlip

"This Way to the Pit"

THIS great-aunt's particular anathema was the playhouse. It was the gateway to Hades. So, directly we heard she was coming in the Christmas holidays we knew there would be no pantomime for us, unless my mother could swoop us into the town near which we lived before the great-aunt arrived. If this happened we were sworn to secrecy.

One year this fearsome aunt came for the whole of the Christmas holidays. There was no pantomime. But as a great treat she took my elder brother and myself to an "improving" lecture in the town, at a dreary place called "The Lyceum," a sham classical building, the headquarters of the local "culture" of the period. To get to "The Lyceum" we had to drive past the theatre. I suppose the great-aunt must have noticed the eagerness with which my brother and myself looked at the boards showing fairies and giants and lovely ladies, for, pointing a finger at a notice stuck on the end of a wall, she said:

Poole, Waterford

THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES

At a meet of the Bramham Moor, of which Lord Lascelles is Master. Mrs. Lascelles is a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and wife of Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, the Earl of Harewood's second son

"Look! Even these poor lost creatures have to admit that this house of sin is a gateway to hell. Look, children, look!"

The notice-board read, "This way to the Pit."

A "Pinched" Great-Aunt

WELL, my gentles, I think you will understand that with a mother and two boys who—all three of them—weren't behind the door when a sense of humour was given out, this story became a family classic. It must have been told hundreds of times. Now for the sequel.

A little while ago, staying in the country, I got down for dinner too early by a quarter of an hour. I took up a library book, a book of reminiscences. You know how you turn over the pages of a book when you are killing time. And lo, as I glanced up and down this page and that my eye lighted on the story of "This Way to the Pit."

The writer of those reminiscences had not only *pinched* my great-aunt, but she had labelled the name as her *own* aunt! However, it is always kind to be charitable in thought, so let us suppose my repellant great-aunt had a double, difficult as that is to believe. I can't imagine room in the world for two of 'em. All the same, if there were a fearsome female of this type in two families, would the circumstances that led to the reading of "This Way to the Pit" be precisely the same? Yet my experience and the story in these memoirs are identical in detail!

Sport and General

IN THE NORTH COTSWOLD COUNTRY

The Misses H. and M. Coke out with the North Cotswold, with which pack the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry have been hunting during the holidays

A New Profession

THE blackmailer we have always had with us, but someone, whose work gives rise to a deep knowledge of the undercurrents of certain phases of life in the West End, tells me that the vogue for dancing has produced a new type of these unspeakable pests. Acquaintances are easily made in the hotels and restaurants where there is dancing.

The new type of blackmailer, well-dressed, with good manners, and the appearance of wealth, has all the quickness of observation of a professional detective. They go about from one fashionable dancing place to another marking down intended victims—generally ignorant rich young men, or foolish old ones, and married women, making a *dossier* of what they see and hear. Then, when the moment comes they strike, and the victims are faced with a list of their doings and movements which they may not wish to be known to their families, their wives, or their husbands.

My informant told me that a profitable source of money to these blackmailers is the idle chatter and gossip of people with whom they skilfully make acquaintance. A few words concerning a well-known man or woman can give these harpies a clue, or a hint which they follow up with the persistence and cleverness of a criminal detective.

Poole, Waterford

LADY BARNARD

At a recent meet of the Zetland Hounds. Her husband, Lord Barnard, and her father, Mr. Herbert Straker, share the mastership

Starting with a chance dancing acquaintance it is very easy for these people eventually to make their way into houses where people care more about the amusingness of their guests than their origin. Several of them, who are known to the police, are to be met at parties, where hostess and guests would be petrified if they knew where their clothes and jewels came from.

The Biter Bit

BUT although their plans are generally successful, since appearances even may be damning to entirely innocent people, there are occasions when they meet their match. Recently a married peer received a cleverly-worded and polite intimation that unless he was prepared to buy certain "information" concerning himself and a lady, that "information" would be sent to his wife.

With equal politeness he replied that he would be delighted if the "information" were placed in his wife's possession, as he was anxious to be divorced, and the "information" so "kindly collected" by the writer of the blackmailing letter might probably lead her ladyship to take proceedings.

The Pierrot in the Home

GLANCING down the advertisement columns on the front page of the *Times*, I saw an offer for a singer to join a band of Pierrots who are giving Christmas entertainments in country-houses. The advertisement ended with "Several engagements are already booked." I wonder if I am hopelessly old-fashioned and *vieux jeu*,

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY APSLEY

Out with the North Cotswold at Hinton. Lord Apsley frequently hunts with the V. W. H. pack, of which his father, Lord Bathurst, is Master

IN GLAMORGANSHIRE *[Alfieri*

Miss Cope and Mrs. Homfray, daughter-in-law of Mr H. Homfray, a former Master, at a meet of the Glamorgan at Boverton

A CAMERA SHOT AT THE SHOOT [*Nina Vernon*

Members of Sir Herbert Vernon's shooting party in North Wales "bagged" by the photographer before setting out on the track of the local "fowls of the air." The group shows: Mr. H. V. Matison (left), Dr. L. Garson, Sir Herbert Vernon, Mr. O. Dobell, Miss E. C. Vernon, Mr. J. S. Vernon, Mr. H. B. Vernon, Mr. H. St. J. Williams and Mr. Miles Forwood

because it gives me a little shiver. How does it strike you?

You can have Pierrots at the cabarets all the year through in London; you have the most perfect expression of that form of entertainment whenever you choose to enjoy it in the Co-Optimists. And if you go to the seaside in the summer, it is Pierrots, Pierrots all the time. So, is it necessary to have a Pierrot troupe to amuse your guests at Christmas in your country-house? But perhaps it is that people nowadays are so accustomed to perpetual amusement that they have lost the art of amusing themselves and other people, too. So better a Pierrot troupe in the hall than yawning in each other's faces.

A Plea to Hostesses

A YOUNG man of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day with some asperity about the carelessness of some hostesses who give dinner-parties before charity-dances. Very often, he said, there is no indication whether the invitation covers dinner and dance, or the dinner only. Several times after dining with a party he has arrived at the hotel where the dance was being given to find that he was expected to pay for his ticket, and tickets were unobtainable at the dance itself: they had to be bought beforehand.

This seems to me one of those social matters where definiteness is essential. And it is so simple. The hostess can make it perfectly clear in her invitation. If she is paying for the tickets for her party she can say, "I have taken tickets for the So-and-So Ball, and shall be delighted if you will dine with me and go on with my party." If she is only giving the dinner she can add after that invitation, "The tickets are so much," and say where they can be bought.

There could be no confusion then. It certainly is most trying for a young man to arrive with a party at a dance and then have a *contre-temps* at the door over his ticket. On the other hand, if the invitation is vague, in accepting it the young man can always ask where he can buy a ticket. This is bound to bring him definite information—to pay or not to pay.

J. C. H. Balmain

THE BRIDE OF THE WEEK

Mrs. W. T. Lindesay, the daughter of Lady Hawke and step-daughter of Lord Hawke the famous cricketer, who before her marriage yesterday (Tuesday) was better known as Miss Marjorie Cross. Her husband, who is a nephew of the Earl of Lindsay, is in the Scots Guards

Concerning Footstools

NOBODY ever uses footstools nowadays, except very old people. But in houses where the Victorian furniture and tradition still linger, haven't you noticed that footstools are strewn all over the place? Rows of them under the dining-room table, and one in front of every chair in the drawing-room. So, in Victorian times, everybody must have used footstools. Was it because their legs were shorter than ours, or because of some hygienic fad of the period—keep-your-feet-off-the-floor-and-defy-the-undertaker sort of idea?

Myself, I believe the Victorians used footstools to keep their ten toes and two heels out of the icy draughts which in wintertime swept across the floors, even of palaces, before steam heating was invented. Even Royal princesses and great ladies in those days looked upon chilblains as an ordinary affliction.

Sport and General

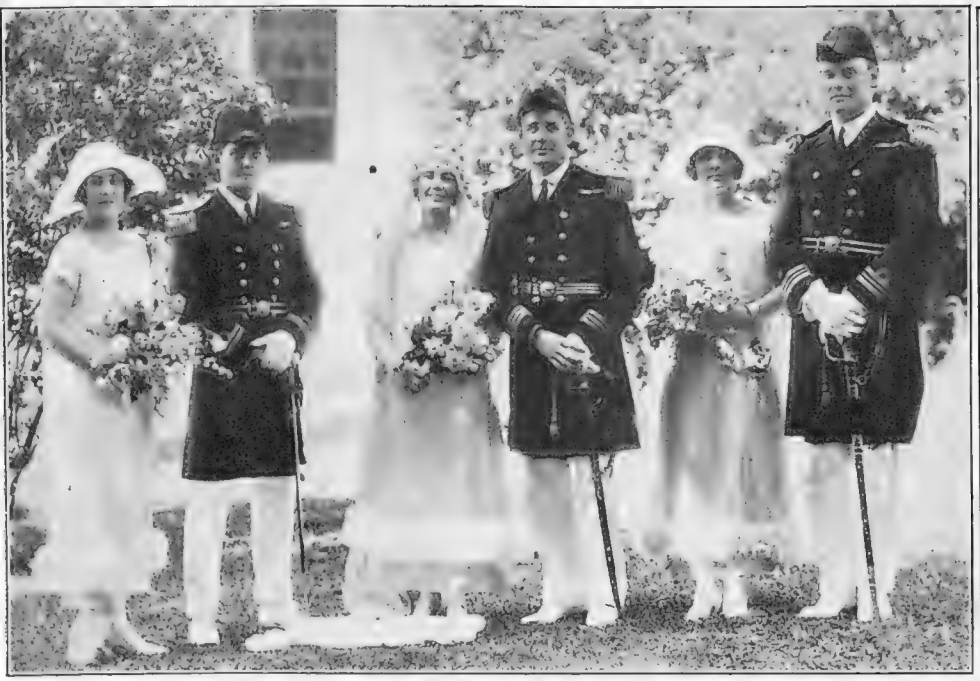
SITTING IT OUT WITH THE CAMERA

Lord Wavertree and some of the guests at the fancy dress dance given by Lady Wavertree, facing the flash-light during an interval in the dancing. The dance was held at Horsley Hall, Gresford

The Fate of Chambord

IN telling you the other day of the unhappy plight of the ex-Empress Zita, I mentioned that an application would probably be made to allow her to live at the Château de Chambord, on the Loire. If the application has not already been made it will probably be held back, for three of her brothers are in fierce litigation over the château.

The château was left by the Comte de Chambord to his nephew, the Duke of Parma, the father of the ex-Empress Zita. When he died the advisory board—a sort of private tribunal—which decided all the affairs of the Austrian Imperial family,



A CAPE TOWN CEREMONY [*Vafical*

Captain Edwards, the commander of H.M.S. Wallflower, with his bride, Miss Blackston Williams, of Cape Town, after their wedding. The group shows: Miss E. Horne (left), Lieut. M. W. Searle, the Bride and Bridegroom, Miss Blackston Williams (the bride's sister), and the best man, Lieut.-Com. G. F. Hoare Smith

Barnett

A DANCING OCCASION

Peggy Moore, the daughter of Mrs. Gordon Moore, who was dancing at the Peter Pan Twelfth Night Party at Claridge's last night (Tuesday). Whether the decorations—out of compliment to the talented author—were executed in a shade of Mary Rose du Barrie, is not divulged!

decreed that the Duke's son by his first marriage, Prince Elie, should have the Chambord property. Against this decision his two step-brothers, Prince Sixte and Prince Xavier, protested and had taken proceedings in the French courts just before the War.

Prince Elie fought on the Austrian side; Prince Sixte and Prince Xavier on the side of the Allies. The two young men first offered their services to France, but the law forbidding any member of the Bourbon or Orléans families to serve in the French Army made acceptance impossible. So the two Princes joined the Belgian Army. You will remember that it was Prince Sixte who communicated his sister, the ex-Princess Zita's, letter suggesting peace, to the French.

Well, as Prince Elie was Austrian, the French Government sequestrated Chambord. Prince Elie is trying to have the sequestration removed, and the two step-brothers are bringing an action to have the property settled according to French law, a settlement which, presumably, would be in their favour. If the elder brother wins, it is probable that Chambord will remain under sequestration, in which case it would, doubtless, be made a "public monument."

ON BOARD [*W. Sopei*

The Duke and Duchess of York caught in an unconventional pose on board the liner "Mulbera" during their trip eastward. They spent Christmas in Kenya Colony

"Debrett"

I SUPPOSE the days are gone when good folk regarded a copy of the Bible and the current "Debrett" as essential parts of their travelling equipment. Nevertheless, even in these democratic days, although it is unusual to find a royal octavo volume of "Debrett" reclining with dignity on the luggage rack of the railway compartment, it still holds its accustomed place in thousands of libraries and private morning-rooms. The new 1925 edition of "Debrett"—or, to give it its full title, the 212th edition of *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage*—was published last month (Dean and Son: 75*s.* net), corrected up to November 30. It has been increased to 3,340 pages—in "double pagination," as Mr. Hesilrige would say. But despite the increase in size, the additional matter to be included more than balances the extra space, so much so that the editor finds it incumbent to point out delicately to future members of the higher social ranks that "particulars regarding telegraphic addresses, telephone numbers, motor-car numbers, and names of baptismal sponsors should *not* be furnished with information sent."

As usual, the preface to "Debrett" is full of interest. As pointed out by "Debrett" during the War, our heavy casualty lists were bound to affect the descent of many hereditary dignities. The past year has seen the extinction of three baronetcies directly attributable to this cause, while the succession to at least one Viscounty has passed direct to a grandson. Concerning the pronunciation of proper names, it is pointed out that, although a phonetic spelling is given by "Debrett," this must not be taken as infallible, for "it will be found in practice that different members of the same family frequently pronounce in different ways."

On first sight this appears to add further terrors to climbing aspirants on our newly-painted social ladder. But it may rather be a help, and I quite expect to hear some portly dame explaining her use of a strange and unfamiliar-sounding title with some such remark as "His wife's second cousin's daughter told me that Lord —— always has his woollen socks made at——" etc.

It is interesting to note that the bestowals of honours reached their high-water mark in the year 1919.

"The Dream" at Old Drury

THE FOREST LOVERS

Leon Quartermaine (left); Athene Seyler, Edith Evans and Frank Vosper as the lovers who afford such sport for Puck in "a wood near Athens"—or, as some would have it—near Stratford-on-Avon

HOBGOBLIN : SWEET PUCK : ROBIN GOODFELLOW

D. Hay Petrie as he appears as Puck. He shoots through fiery star-traps, flies off rocks, in fact, does everything expected of Puck except "lurking in a gossip's bowl in very likeness of a roasted crab"

SOME of the characters in "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Drury Lane. The cast, which contains a regular constellation of theatrical stars, has brought Shakespeare right back to popular favour in Town, and Basil Dean's production looks as though it may actually be presented on Midsummer's Night

"THOU ART AS WISE AS THOU ART BEAUTIFUL"

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Titania, with Bottom, played by Wilfrid Walter. Robert Harris as Oberon, the cause of the unfortunate fairy's mental and optical delusions, is seen at the back. The fairy scenes are strongly featured in the "Lane" production and have been very effectively produced

Stage Photo Co.

THE ATHENS AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Miles Malleson as Snout, Frank Cellier as Quince, Alfred Clark as Snug, H. O. Nicholson as Starveling and Clifford Mollison as Flute, the talented players of "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe"

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

C. N. Daly

FINALISTS AT MONTE CARLO

Mlle. E. de Alvarez (right) and Mrs. Satterthwaite on the courts at Monte Carlo. The youthful French player won the finals of the Ladies' Singles in brilliant fashion, beating Mrs. Satterthwaite with the loss of only one game

Do you want to double the joys and the value of your Riviera holiday? Read in advance Treve's *The Riviera of the Corniche Road*, and keep it by you as your gay guide, philosopher, and friend. With seeing eyes you will then realise the midland sea of old story, the sailors' heritage between East and West, the playground of the merchant sails of the Phœnicians, of the slave-driven triremes of the Greeks and Romans, of the fleets of the Persians and Carthaginians, of the unchanging felucca of all time, of the greatest pirates of the Seven Seas, of the Dreadnought and the ocean racers of to-day, on whose shores Columbus was born. Surely the greatest page of history, "the ancient home of chivalry, the garden of romance," the glad land of the troubadour and the courts of love. What memories, too, of the Crusades, the Knights Templars, of the Cid Rodrigo, of the Moorish maiden and Spanish don, of Paynim, Turk, and Christian, of Barbarossa, and the long story of the Grimaldis who still rule on the rock fortress of Monaco, with its wonderful museum of the fossil remains of prehistoric man and beast gathered from the caves of the near-by Rochers Rouges.

MONTE CARLO, especially, is even now an enchanted dream of the Arabian Nights, with its classical and modern concerts of all kinds, its new operas, its "conferences," its costume balls and *vegliones*, its wonderful up-to-date music-hall, and its night cabarets and lotteries and gambling thrills. René Léon is this year organising three specially beautiful invitation balls, on each of which 300,000 francs is to be spent, in addition to the weekly balls for the members of the "Cercle Privé" and "International Sporting Clubs."

E. Navello

WATCHING THE FINALS

A group on the Metropole courts at Cannes watching the finals for the Professional Lawn Tennis Championships for the Bristol Cup. Seated in the front row will be noticed Miss Du Cros (left), Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Portman

E. Navello

TWO LAWN TENNIS WELL-KNOWNS

Lady Wavertree and Mr. G. M. Simond, the well-known referee, snapped at Cannes

THE weather has been almost too fine this autumn on the Riviera, and the Christmas week was perfect. By rights we ought to have our rainfall of over 30 inches in November and December. We may pay for it later. On the 24th there was a big crowd up at Mont Agel to compete for Mr. Albert Chunn's prizes for two bogey competitions for men and women. Mrs. Faudel Phillips gave the second prizes. The Hon. Mrs. Lamb won the ladies with 1 down to bogey, with Miss Tippets second 2 down. Mr. Winans and Mr. Cumberland tied for the men's prizes. There were about fifty entries, and the big luncheon room with its glorious views was well filled.

Every seat in St. Paul's Church was filled on Christmas Day, and many were unable to get in.

THE terrace was a sun bath to a distinguished crowd, and the competition for the popular new blue chairs was amusing. I spent an American Christmas as I walked and talked on the terrace with overseas cousins, and enjoyed a wonderful so-called stand-up lunch where about seventy people were entertained at the hospitable Villa Trentenario of the Howard Coplands and

E. Navello

A COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE STAR

Mlle. Madeleine Roch, the well-known Comédie Française lead, who has been appearing in "La Corinthienne" and other plays at Monte Carlo. This picture was taken on the steps of the Hotel de Paris, where Mlle. Roch has been staying

their daughter—Mrs. Lancelot Briscoe. Not a trace of anxiety as to how things are going with American hosts, which attitude helps you vastly to enjoy the shower of blessings which we put ourselves outside of. Admiral Evans and Lieut. Cecil from the U.S. cruiser *Pittsburg*, which is in Villefranche Bay, beside the Dutch training ship *Tromp*, were among the guests, as well as various generals and noted people of all sorts, including Lord and Lady Waleran, Miss Victoria Campbell, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Mr. Montagu Barstow and the Baroness Orczy, Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, Major-General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris, Miss Bacon, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Weir. I dined with Mr. Charles E. White—another American—who is eighty-four, and a remarkable example of how residence all the year round here secures you in old age wonderful vitality and the power to enjoy life heartily still. Admiral and Mrs. Niblack recently entertained the Duke of Connaught to lunch; among the other guests were Miss Bacon, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, and Admiral Andrews of the U.S. cruiser *Pittsburg*.

The Sporting Club was very full on Christmas night.

THE Bordighera Golf Club is a very healthy Benjamin under the skilled and devoted direction of Mr. George Larkins—the new secretary. All stones have now disappeared from the fairway, and the grass is getting stronger as the rich soil was brought down by the river floods in the course of centuries. There is a delightful picnic atmosphere about the capital lunches with the Italian dishes, and it is getting a popular motor excursion of about fifty minutes from Monte Carlo. The frontier formalities are quickly got through by civil officials if your papers are in order. The greens are really excellent and very true.

ON the terrace lately we have had the Aga Khan, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and many important Oriental visitors. From the Metropole we see Sir Frank Bernard (ex-Governor of British Columbia) and his brother, George, Sir Eyre Hudson (Governor of British Honduras), Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, the Hon. Evelyn and Mrs. FitzGerald, Sir T. Vansittart Bowater,

THREE GLIMPSES IN THE GLASS OF FASHION

The last word in the decrees of Dame Fashion is always observed on the Riviera, and the trio seen here of striking and attractive models were photographed on the *plage* at Nice

Branger

Mr. Jefferson Cohn, the Right Hon. Sir John and Lady Simon. From the Paris, Prince Cyril Narischkine, Prince Ferdinand Aldobrandini, Marquis Mario Bourbon del Monte, M. Pierre Valrose, Countess Clara Hatzfeldt.

SOME SUNNY DAY

Major-General the Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Sackville-West enjoying the sunshine at Monte Carlo. Sir Charles is British Military Attaché in Paris

From the Riviera Palace: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Spender; from the Grand: Major-General Sir Thomas and Lady Gallwey, from the Royal: Admiral Sir Charles Graves Sawle; from the Victoria: Major-General the Hon. Sir Charles (the military attaché in Paris) and Lady Sackville-West, Sir Theodore Angier, Lady de Bathe, Baron de Caters, Hon. Reginald Brougham. From the Imperial at Menton: Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks.

ON Christmas Day Colonel Michael Hughes had a big lunch at Ré's restaurant for Lord Mar and other friends.

Her Highness Princess Stephanie de Hohenlohe Waldenburg Schillingsfurst and her son, the Prince François Joseph, entertained in the "Salle Empire" of the Hotel de Paris a large party on Christmas Day at the first gala dinner.

On New Year's Day the Baroness Orczy had a huge afternoon reception at the Villa Bijou.

THE invitation opening night at the new music-hall *de luxe*—the Capitole—was crowded by over 2,000 delighted diners and dancers from all along the Riviera. The Revue and the jugglers and dancing stars were a great success, and the organiser—Mr. Eric Longden—had to make a speech. Not having enough confidence in his French he induced the Baroness Orczy to interpret for him, a task which she performed charmingly, and he received a great ovation. The dinners are rather wonderful and the charges are moderate.

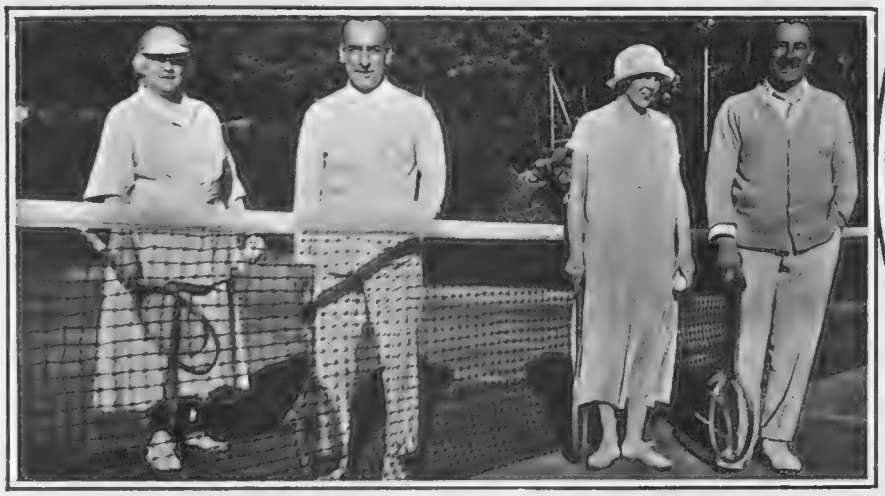
The Carlton Gala nights are as popular as ever and the "Knickerbocker"—a new and small cabaret, just below Ciro's—is also popular.

The creations at the Théâtre Garnier have been well received by crowded audiences.

In the Land of Hearts' d'Azur

THE ROOF OF THE WHIRLED [*Keystone*

English chorus girls who are appearing in the Albert de Courville Revue at the Capitole Theatre at Monte Carlo, being put wise to a few "points." They are rehearsing on the roof of the theatre which was recently opened by Mr. Eric Longden, the famous racing motorist



C. N. Daly

"DUTY, DUTY MUST BE DONE"

Lady Wavertree (left), Colonel H. G. Mayes, and Mr. and Mrs. Scully gracefully acceding to the camera man's "Just a minute, please." The photograph was taken on the Metropole courts at Cannes

A "BRIEF" HOLIDAY" [*E. Navello*

With memories of a recent *cause célèbre*, we can only say that this is Sir John "S" and Lady Simon on the steps of the Hotel "M" at "M. C."

C. N. Daly

THE FINALISTS

R. Najouck (left), beaten by A. Burke (right), in the final of the Professional Championship. Major Rendle, who won the cup outright last year, is seen in the centre

E. Navello

ON THE CHEESE

Mrs. Balsan enjoying the sunshine on the Cheese at Monte Carlo with her brother, Mr. C. Vanderbilt (centre), and her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Jacques Balsan, C.M.G. Mrs Balsan divorced her first husband, the Duke of Marlborough, in 1920

New Edition—Produced December 15, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE new programme of the Co-Optimists is well up to sample; while some of the features of the former programme which were of outstanding excellence have been wisely retained. The pleasing result is a cascade of light-heartedness and frivolity of the kind that makes an almost universal appeal. Much of the humour is of the obvious type, but it gets its quality here by the adroit emphasis with which it is carried over the footlights, just as a man will give you a dig in the ribs when he has made a mediocre joke, in order to wrench a laugh out of you at all costs. Mr. Davy Burnaby and his company have got their audiences so well disciplined, that they can apparently get a good laugh merely by turning a handle.

A NEW item is a scene in the "Co-Optimistone Age," with all the stock jests commonly associated with prehistoric times, freshened and polished up. A good joke is the lady walking about with a pet baby brontosaurus at her heels, to replace the Pom of modernity; and the whole scene is taken at a jovial rush that makes its success assured. Then there is the pleasing duet by Mr. Austin Melford and Miss Anita Elson, who represent a pair of lovers hoping to solve the housing question for themselves "In Chelsea, Somewhere." The lady does not want much—just a little flat of about fifty rooms, with a garage or so; and I have no doubt she would prefer a large garden with mountain scenery in the background within the usual house-agent's "stone's throw" of Charing Cross. As everyone knows, house-agents are very expert at long-distance throwing—to say nothing of slinging the hatchet. The duet ends in the lady finding the usual accommodation on the young man's knee and getting very comfy indeed until Mr. Burnaby hurries on to warn them in a discreet undertone that there are a lot of people looking.

PREHISTORIC CO-OPTIMISTS
DAVY BURNABY AND ANITA ELSON.

THEN there is the rollicking Mr. Gilbert Childs with his song about "The Man Who Smokes a Pipe"—all for St. George and Merry England! The Prime Minister's pipe has now, of course, become a national institution, and by cunningly dragging in the names of well-known brands of tobacco the song becomes an excellent example of punning wit. It may be that Mr. Baldwin will make the pipe more fashionable, since the cigarette is becoming a little effeminate—to judge by the number of dainty ladies who were smoking them on the evening of our visit. The day may even come when a man may smoke his favourite pipe in a restaurant without running the risk of being precipitately and violently hurled off the premises as an incorrigible rogue. We have travelled a long way since the day when Lord Lytton laid it down that no gentleman will smoke his cigar in the public street.

"THE RUSHING BALLET" speaks for itself. It is introduced by M. Davidoff Burnabski, but, as the saying goes, if you scratch a Russian you will find a—Co-Optimist. The burlesquing of the Russian method is quite good fun, while the *pas seul* of "Mlle. Vesta Burnaby" as the dying Swan is very massive humour indeed. Like the Merry Monarch, the Swan is an unconscionable time dying, so that the manager rushes on at last from the wings and just shoots it. The final romp with a whole corps de ballet

DORIS BENTLEY AND NETA UNDERWOOD IN "GRANADA"

of dummy Russian dancers is quite what is popularly known as a "scream," and brings the curtain down on the first half of the entertainment to the accompaniment of a mighty shout of delighted applause. The turn is ingenious and the stage management on which so much depends is beyond criticism. A new joke is played by the limelight, which at one moment of the show runs frantically up and down the darkened stage in a futile effort to "spot" the hero who isn't there for the moment.

A SONG entitled, "The Wedding in the Bath" naturally makes you wonder, after you have read the title on your programme, whether you ought not to retire discreetly before the item is reached. But it is quite all right. The idea is that

ANITA ELSON AND AUSTIN MELFORD

bath-sponge is marrying the loofah, le all the other accessories of this very cial sanctum lend their punning aid make the ceremony a success. The usion of brushes, soaps, and towels very ingeniously accomplished, and song is given with a nice humour by Austin Melford, aided by the Company. add a little realism to the festive asion, a bath door is seen in the distance n the usual crowd of impatient candi- es awaiting their turns. One of them n permits himself to take a peep ough the keyhole, which gives rise to a rious climax that rounds off the turn y happily.

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY is again to be seen in her remarkable formance with Mr. Childs in the turn

MELVILLE GIDEON AND A PIANO

in which the nagging suburban couple end by missing the last 'bus. Earlier in the evening Miss Baddeley is seen in lighter vein, as they say in the papers. She has a little song about cigarette pictures, in the course of which a number of celebrities, whose portraits are positively given away with every packet, appear very much by proxy and strut their moment or so upon the stage. They include such famous people as Mr. Kipling, who is, of course, our uncrowned laureate, and the Prophet Shaw, whose boast it is that he has not eaten a fellow-creature for forty years and more. Then there are the heroes of film-land who seem to be worshipped to-day with a fervour that even the "matinée idol" of old did not receive.

WOLSELEY CHARLES AND STANLEY HOLLOWAY

A MOST ingenious turn that ought to be patented is "The Silent Prompter." Most people have been to the theatre and have been worried by the loquacity of the prompter for the benefit of an actor with an imperfect memory. The Co-Optimists have changed all that. Mr. Melford and Miss Elson represent an unhappily married couple who are indulging in mutual recriminations, and who forget every now and then an important word or phrase. That is Mr. Child's opportunity. He holds up a pair of braces to prompt a hesitating remark about being mother's only support, while his representation of "a bitter blow" is so complete and so unexpected that it is received with something like a hysterical shriek. Darwin said that Man is the only animal that can laugh; but Man's monopolies are all being invaded one by one in these advanced times, and in the laughter at this entertainment the shrill feminine variety mostly predominates. Some of the ladies do not seem to have quite learned how to laugh and hold a cigarette between their very ruby lips at the same time, the result is that here and there you find a fair creature literally choking with merriment and a puff of tobacco smoke that has gone the wrong way.

A DAINTY piece of nonsense is "A Restaurant Romance." In this turn the scene is laid in a popular tea-shop, and the waitresses are arranging their tables for their daily customers. Perhaps if in the popular restaurants the waitresses wore their skirts as short as they do here, the restaurants would be still more popular than they are. In due course a number of young men appear on the scene, and the consequent flirtations end in a comprehensive wedding which may or may not be true to life. The humour of the piece is very light and dainty, and no attempt is made to force more fun out of the situation than it is built to hold. Mr. Melville Gideon, who is the official composer of the Company, has wisely retained his beautiful "song-scena" about the "Girl in the Crinoline," while Mr. Stanley Holloway, who has the advantage of a fine voice, turns from grave to gay and back again with a pleasing versatility. In the old days it was always Drury Lane

MUCH TO OUR JOY HERMIONE BADDELEY AND GILBERT CHILDS ARE STILL WAITING FOR A 'BUS

STANLEY HOLLOWAY AS THE POLICEMAN

Pantomime that was better than that of the preceding year; now it is the turn of the Co-Optimists to wear the palm for progressive improvement. In any case the programme of their present season will be hard to beat for all-round excellence.

JINGLE

Motley Musings

MOST of the sayings attributed to Doctor Spooner, of Oxford, are probably apocryphal. We are credibly informed, however, that, on one occasion, when he spilled some salt, he immediately poured his glass of claret over it!

. . . . . .

THE housing question is so interesting in the abstract that we are anxious to see it in the concrete. We trust that the Trade Union threat to steel houses does not mean they are contemplating larceny.

. . . . . .

THE latest rumour is that the Cat Burglar and his kit have been captured in a mews.

. . . . . .

WHATEVER may happen to the famous Ashes, it would seem that the English team has a fine chance to bring back the sackcloth.

. . . . .

BETTING amongst schoolboys is said to be greatly on the increase. What's the odds if they stick to their "books"?

. . . .

AN astronomer reports that two astral bodies, not specified, are in close proximity. It sounds like another massage from Mars.

. . . .

WE are aware that wireless communications could not occur without the ether. But it seems a pity that some of it couldn't be given to certain gentlemen who possess loud speakers!

. . . .

Cynical though it seems, to shatter those dreams,
I'll proffer this message to you:
If you cannot get on with your old love,
It's best to get off with the new!

THIS year the judges in the Dunmow Flitch competition will be puzzled if any of the entrants have been attacked by the Cross Word epidemic.

. . . . . .

FROM Texas comes the news that a Mr. Tich Portico has broken off his engagement to Miss Emma Deriquo on the grounds that the latter cannot sew.

So it seems, "sew its seams"
Was the height of his dreams,
Which proved a nightmare to poor Emma;
Emma's lost Emma's Tich,
'Cos she can't hem a stitch;
So Emma is in a dilemma!

. . . . . .

"MORE bandits in London" is a headline of a contemporary. We have noticed many, some with bobbed hair and some in knickerbockers, taking their uncles out shopping.

. . . . . .

HE had been celebrating very much too well, had taken a plunge in the club swimming bath to recover, and had dressed hastily ere he returned home.

"John," said his wife that night in their bedroom, "where's your vest?"

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, still dazed, "I must have been robbed in the cab!"

AN ADULT ON ADULTERATION

(TUNE: *The Sentry's Song from* Iolanthe)

When all night long I rack my brains
About our food and what is found in it,
I only know the fact remains
That there is precious little sound in it!
Though not a chap to treat men rough,
Those milkmen I would like to massacre,
Who bung in that boracic stuff,
And other things that do, alas, occur!

When in a pub you treat a chum,
Maybe like you, a lone, lorn critter too,
You've got to take things as they come,
Although it may be more than bitter to!
A glass or so—and you feel queer,
And think about your speedy, vivid ends;
But I suppose if they sold BEER,
The brewers could not pay such dividends!

REFRAIN—

I do not think it's comical
(Fal lal lal la, fal lal lal la),
How brewers always do contrive
(Fal lal lal la la)
That every pint you stand a pal,
As sure as you are born alive,
Has either a little chemical,
Or else a little preservative!
(Fal lal lal la, etc.)

. . . . . .

A STREET musician last week was heard playing Chopin in South London. Another case of "Nocturne in the Old Kent Road."

HARTLEY CARRICK

CAUSE FOR REFLECTION

By GRAHAM SIMMONS

MAID: "Please, m'm, the new lady boarder has arrived"
LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER: "Is she pretty?"
MAID: "Er—yes, m'm"
LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER: "Well, put an extra strip of carpet in front of her mirror"

Another Pavement Artiste!

BY STAN TERRY

TEACHER: "Now, do any of you know who Salome was?"
BRIGHT PUPIL: "She was a lady who took off all her clothes and danced before Harrods"

"O Charley's Aunt is My Darling!"

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from a play called "Charley's Aunt"—which is the Christmas attraction at the Shaftesbury Theatre—showing Jane Graham (left), Dorothy Barclay, Richard Cooper and Gwen Whitby. Many critics prophesy quite a brilliant future for this little play when it goes into the provinces

PARISIANA By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

There are quite a number of people who are so anxious for us to be good that they are prepared to give us credit for being good, or at least better, with very minute encouragement. It is very nice of them really, I suppose, and we ought to be very grateful. Yet most of us—I mean those of us who are involved in the movement under observation—do not hanker in the slightest for promotion to a higher plane. We are contentedly attached to the low levels.

The latest unsolicited testimonial to our supposed progress on the path of virtue is concerned with dancing. Because there were nearly nine hundred *bals*—a name which covers dancing establishments of every description—in Paris in 1923, whereas there are now fewer than six hundred, it is the opinion of our improvers that Parisians are dancing less—are abandoning "the ridiculous *tremoussements* in unison" in favour of fruitful labour or studious repose. How very nice of them to hand out the bouquets; but, also, how very wrong.

It is very far from being the fact that because the total number of dancing establishments has diminished by nearly a third, the amount of dancing or the numbers of dancers has been similarly reduced. It is very probable that there are more dancers than there were last year. But they have become less easy to please. For a while they were prepared to be content with any sort of barn, or even an ex-post office with a floor about the size of a twenty-five centime stamp, so long as there was inspiriting music and an abundance of coloured lights. It did not matter much if the music were not very good, so long as it was vigorous and easily audible.

But dancing Parisians, and especially Parisiennes, now want the best. They are not averse from paying for it. Even hefty *gars* and lusty lasses from the industrial *faubourgs*, who were hitherto content to nourish their sense of rhythm with the raucous strains of an accordion in a *bal-musette*, now disdain anything beneath the standard of *dancings*, which were previously exclusive to the *quartiers chics*. They are not appalled by the price of champagne, if it be accompanied by an orchestra which can rank with the Lanson. But there must be value for the *cinq louis*. That is why some three hundred more or less pretentious *bals* have been deserted. There is nothing virtuous about it. Paris may have become more moral than London, but not so much as all that.

What sort of husband should a nice cheery kind of girl marry? Should she partner a paragon—supposing she has the opportunity—one of those who arrange their duties at the office with such perfection that they never have to stay late at night, who always insist on having a dowdy typist, engaged for smartness in taps and not for smartness in looks, who can always be found precisely where they are supposed to be, and with the people they are understood to be with. You know the kind, without any further detailing of the copybook attributes.

"Would rather be the wife of one of the bad lads"

Well, it might be thought that the girls would know everything there is to know on such a topic, as most of them have been studying it since birth, but a disturbing young widow has unsettled us all by announcing that she would rather be the wife of one of the bad lads. *À votre santé, Madame*, and may you have no occasion to regret your courage! A delicate revelation of number and street would probably bring along enough *bibelots* to fill the boudoir, for there are many bad lads who have hitherto been ticked off as ineligibles who will now feel they are as marketable as the glossy fellows who have never taken the wrong turning.

'The Moulin Rouge has re-opened"

And the fearless and frank widow is not one of your simple young things who just want to be perverse, but a sage who speaks from a full heart, having had to live with a husband who was everything he should be and a little more, one with *toutes les qualités et toutes les vertus*. So perfect was he, that his single remaining desire was to make her perfect too. And as she did not want to be perfect she cried, whereupon all her husband's people declared she had no right to cry, for she had a husband who was perfect. Which you would not call tactful. Anyhow, the result is that the perfection-satiated widow is now about to marry a man who has all the faults. And she will *not* endeavour to make him better.

"*Promenoirs* are so interesting"

The sails of the Moulin Rouge may be said to be turning merrily again, for the music-hall has re-opened at last under the most promising circumstances, and very little effort should be needed to revive the old traditions and popularity. Perhaps the luxurious new edifice—a high-sounding word seems to be imperative—will be too magnificent for the surviving clients of the old Moulin Rouge. As it now claims—certainly with an appreciable amount of justification—to be the finest music-hall in the world, they may feel it is not sufficiently homely, and add another to the stock of lost illusions. However, the *promenoir* may retain its old appeal. Judging it on the first few weeks, there is a promise that it will again deserve the old British tourist compliment of "so interesting." The more "interesting" *promenoirs* there are, the better British tourists seem to be pleased, the gay dogs.

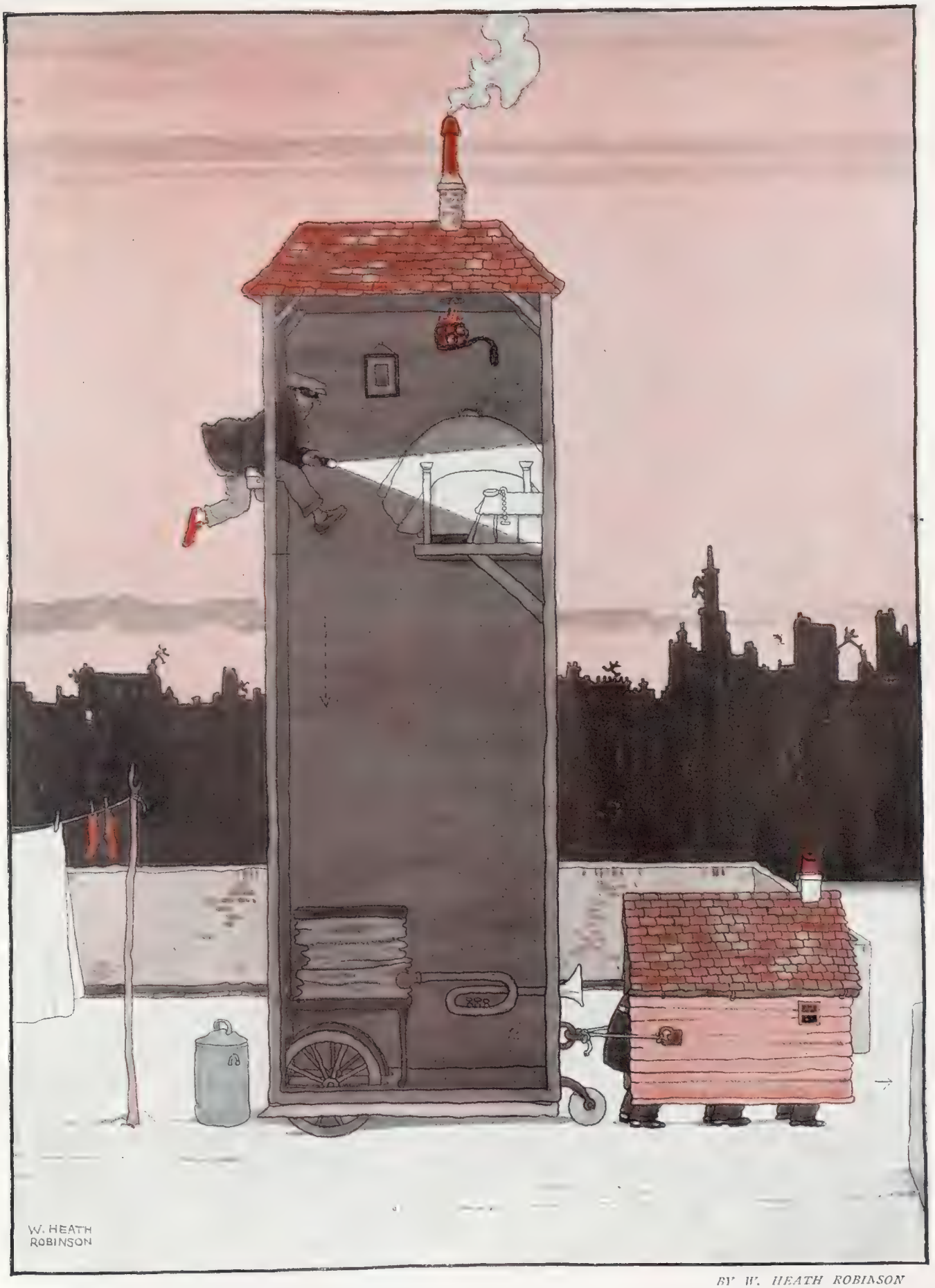
I have just heard the surprising news that over forty new golf courses are to be constructed in France within the near future. It does not need very keen eyes to see that the most tantalising of all games becomes more and more popular in France, but an outburst of such an extent is surely more than most observers would have thought likely or possible. Maybe it is due to the dazzling success of the winsome Mlle. Thion de la Chaume. If it were, it would be an astonishing coincidence that golf should benefit by a boom created by a girl, as tennis did by the inspiring example of Suzanne Lenglen.

Although it may appear ungallant, I should personally conclude that the keenness to build new golf courses originates in that romantic factor the exchange rate. Most golf courses in France have hotel proprietors behind them somewhere, sometimes a long way behind them, under cover of a *syndicat d'initiative*, but effectively there all the same. Well, hotel proprietors, who know that the exchange rate against the pound is not likely to move up high for a good few years—which means that they can count on an assured supply of British *hôtes*—have at last become aware of the drawing worth of golf links and are great enthusiasts for the encouragement of the game. With hotel-keepers interested, the future of sport is assured in France. *Tant mieux.*

René

"Golf, the most tantalising of all games, becomes more and more popular in France"

A Moving Cat-astrophe



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A sectional view of a clever trap by which one of the "cat" burglars was lured to his doom

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ON

An impression of the wonderful scene at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve during the Chelsea Arts and "Bystander" Bina
joyous crowd of four thousand revel

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

N A NEW YEAR'S EVE

ll. The centre decoration is the enormous "Bystander" Birthday Cake with its twenty-one candles, around which the hed and danced the hours away

BY FRED W. PURVIS

"THE DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE"

DANCING ON THE ICE

By YVE. M. RANKINE

EVERY year the exodus to Switzerland in search of sun and winter sport grows larger.

Many of the skating enthusiasts have passed beyond the stumbling stages, and are ready for more advanced feats.

There are good instructors everywhere to give lessons in skating, but there is a lack of guidance in the art of moving to music, which is so essential to the success of free-skating and dancing on the ice.

Daily practice of school-figures becomes dull if unrelieved with lighter fare, leaving a longing to continue skating with more movement and dash. School-figures are the scales and exercises necessary to prepare for the performance, which is the free-skating programme.

A simple curve done in correct position is more effective than the most intricate figure skated carelessly.

The entire body must be poised and balanced so that each edge or turn slides smoothly on without a jerk, unless it is intended, when the sharp turn or jump must be done with precision.

Grace, ease and exactitude are the essence of good form in skating.

Gliding, almost flying, is the action of the skater. There must be no pushing off with the toe, the edge of the skate must meet the ice soundlessly.

ALPINE ARABESQUES

Miss Ethel Muckelt, the world's champion lady skater, with her trainer, B. G. Adams, figuring things out rather neatly at St. Moritz

The novice in free-skating must practise and conquer each detail separately before attempting to place them in proper sequence.

Let the performance be as simple as possible, well within the powers, rather than give a faulty exhibition.

Skate boldly and with speed, covering the space of ice as equally as possible.

Too long a programme should not be attempted. One minute and a half to two minutes is long enough for a beginner, especially in a high altitude where breathing must be considered.

The programme should end in the centre of the rink, and be finished with the most striking flourish which the skater is able to perform with confidence.

TOILETTE DE GLACE

Shave First Thing in the Morning——

This article is written to help those who can control their edges forwards and backwards to a certain extent, and who can turn a "three" with some measure of success.

The aim of each figure-skater should be to have a series of steps linked together which can be skated fluently to a tune.

It is most important to decide to what music the programme is to be skated. The series of steps may be in waltz, march or two-step time.

Should the performer have any little tricks or spins that necessitate a quicker beat, the music should be arranged accordingly.

——And Shampoo at Night

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The (Swiss) Milk of Human Kindness to Cure

I. N. A.

SKI FEVER

The band of the Palace Hotel, Mürren, in merry mood on the slopes outside the hotel. They often go out for a blow

Keystone

GETTING ON TOP-SPIN

Madame Ellen Brockloft, a champion skater, creates some whirling gaiety of her own on the rink at St. Moritz

Central Press

THE BELLES OF ST. MORITZ

Miss Helen Bordoni and two noble gentlemen noted for the ringing welcome they accord to all visitors

Central News

GRACE BEFORE MEALS

Howard Nicholson, an American figure champion skater, Miss Katie Schmidt, a noted American woman skater, and Paul Kreckow, a European high-speed skater, getting an appetite for lunch at St. Moritz

All Winter's Ills : Snapshots from Switzerland

L.N.A.

'SNO MAN'S LAND

Miss Dora Fox, Mrs. Duncan Harvey and Mrs. Arnold Lunn on a morning expedition at Mürren. This is the sort of scene we read about in books—but the camera cannot lie

Central Press

SNOW "SEENS"

Mrs. Huntingdon Wilson, doubtless going shopping or something equally thrilling, at St. Moritz

Topical

A HONEYMOON PAIR

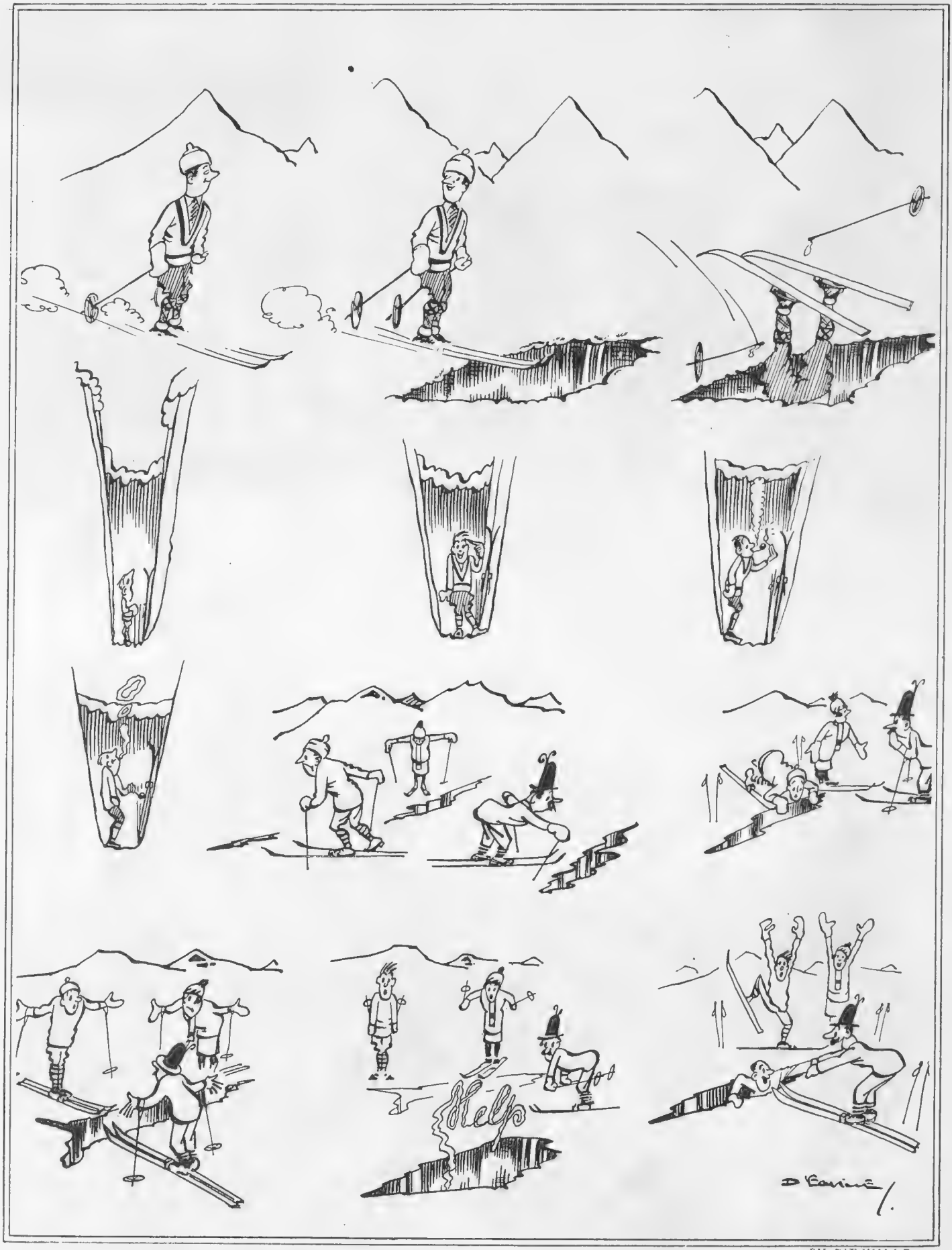
Judge Hargreaves and Mrs. Hargreaves, who were married last month at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, snapped on their honeymoon at St. Moritz

L.N.A.

ONE UP AND ONE TO GO

Little Miss Davis demonstrates the truth of the old adage that one good turn deserves another, by helping her mother round the bend at Mürren

A Little Cold Stor(y)age



BY D'EGVILLE

A true-blue tale of the intelligent smoker who fell into a crevasse

YOGO HAMA'S HORRORSCOPES FOR 1925.

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

PERMIT I should hasten myself to wish you many numerous happy returns of 1925, also Hon. Bystander readers a very gorgeous ditto. Myself I do not think I shall endeavour to survive for any suchly returns, but very to the contrary because of experiencing severish aftermaths which make me to feel very bloated in my head with shooting pains to match. Are it not a very saddish thought to think that we cannot be happy and gay without suffering anti and other painfulish climaxes which cause us to wish we were defunct, or else to swear pledges to only drink water and suchly non-sophisticate fluids? Are it not better, I bemoan, to promulgate flatulent soda-water emanations, than to experience alcoholic enlargements of the head so that it feels to be like an aerated footbladder? O yes, I groanfully bemuse, it are very far better to be pure and windy, than adulterated and non-gaseous. No doubtfully, Hon. Sir, you also are experiencing to suffer head enlargements and other seasonable phenomenas, so we may comingle our moans fraternally.

"Come, come, Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to adjust your socks, also to imbibe 3 or 5 seidlitz or other anti-inebriation powders. If I did not feel so non-well personally myself, I should mirthishly laugh at your so non-ecclesiastical distempers which show you to have indulge your carnal appetites very discreetlessly," you ensneer?

O yes, I response snishishly, it are easy to vacuously laugh at the disgruntled seats of the mighty when they have fallen, but soonly your tune shall change to a horse of the opposite colour. I have been perusing to study the stars for 1925 prognostics, and I have also cast you a horrorscope.

"Kindly to inform, Mr. Y. Hama, concerning saidly horrorscope," you beseek?

Ha, ha, I repop grimishly, this makes you to fall off your roost and sing very smallish potatoes and other lower 10 vegetables.

"Indeedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama, you have made me to bite large quantities of dust. Now I have eaten several gals to appease you, kindly to explode me my horrorscope," you impray?

All so well, Hon. Sir, now I shall fall on a trance and look into your horrorscope. Kindly to hist! I see very darkish clouds emerging to rise,

"Experiencing severish aftermaths"

also thunders, lightnings, eruptions, volcanics, quakes and other awful cataclysmics. And—O horrors—what are this I witness to see—I think I shall swoon for terror! Kindly to hold my hand——

"Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to not leave me in these terrible suspensions and suchly tender hooks, but inform speedishly re this so awful horror in my horrorscope which makes you freeze to a marrow," you imbeg, Hon. Sir?

O, I experience to suffer very appalling horrorscopic pains. But kindly to hist 1-ce more. I see a smallish ray of sunbeam impuncturing your murkish glooms, also a very lucky star rising in the N.W by S, which makes me to suppose you shall enjoy a happy old age if you can remain non-defunct till it reaches you. This are all, because I feel very exhaust with my labours. Perhapsly if you had not been so non-polite re concerning my head agonies, I should have prognosed you a more delicious forebodings.

My own horrorscope when I

"I have been perusing to study the stars"

"A very popular sportings gent"

bones and 2-nd-hand garments monger," you ensneer, Hon. Sir ?

This shows you to again have put your hand in the wrong boot, I repart. This bag contains good puntings at delicious odds. Also I see racing gees and booking-gents, which suffices to show that he has put a shirt on an outside equine at several lucrative odds to 1.

" Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to prognose clairvoyantly or by other spirits, some 1925 prognostics for public use," you seek to require ?

Then I shall now fall on another trance to secure you some 2-nd or 3-th sightings. Now I ejacule moans and other psychological spasms which shows me to be very occult and *seanceish*. Ha, what are this I witness to see ? It are on or about April 4-nd, cheers wrend the air, 2 marine speed boats suitably propulsed by 8 blue persons seek to strenuously win a cup from Hammersmiths Bridge. Hark, I see the pale-blues gaining —no, it are the blue-blacks — no—yes—— perhapsly — I wake up, I feel very bad.

" This are very extraordinary prognosings, Mr. Y. Hama. I cannot imagine to suppose how you execute same without blackish or other non-legitimate magics," you deplore ?

Kindly to hush because I have some more spiritual fits coming. Ah ha, what are this ? Darkish clouds ; they open on or about June 3-6-rd., and I see 1,000's of persons witnessing to observe some equine speedsters racing for who shall be 1-st to a post. They are approaching at terrific velocities ; 1 succeeds to be 1-st ; I hear some cheerings ; I open my eyes—I feel still more bad and exhaust.

" You almost succeed to deplete me of breaths, Mr. Y. Hama, with your so gifted foresights," you depose ? " Can you produce me some more spirituous scoopings ? "

Wait, I feel the pains in my psyche. My voice speaks. It says to prognose a storm of thunders and lightnings on or between June, July, August and September 1925. Now I see a picture. It are the 1-st Monday in August ; throngs of proletarians and other lower 10's have assembled themselves at Hampstead, Margate and other watering spots.

look into him, does not produce any darkish clouds, but muchly to the reverse. All are bright and sunshine with 100's of lucky stars and other goodish omens rising in the N.W. by S. I see a very celebrate Oriental gent (who I shall not be so modestless to name) receiving a Laurateship with laurels and a poetic license in a box. This so eminent *literati* then produces a genius afflatus which causes to weep all the beholders because of its so great and saddish beauty.

Ha, what are this I see rising through the glass darkishly ? A very popular sportings gent emerges himself from a cloud. There are something familiar about his so handsome and well-cut face and tailored masc figure. He staggers totterishly upon his 2 pins because of a very bulkish bag.

" Perhapsly this saidly sportings gent has achieved to become a lucrative

"Receiving a Laurateship"

" This are a strange phenomena, Mr. Y. Hama. Do you think saidly plebiscites have assembled themselves for non-licit purposes, as vizly a revolution ? " you depose ?

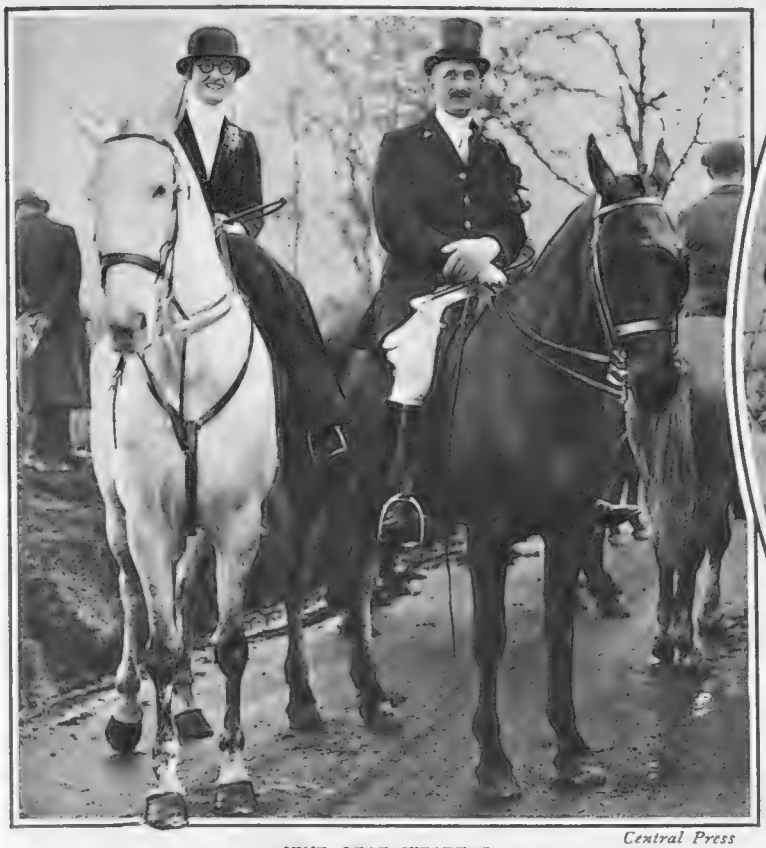
Alasly, my psychic are grown weak. I open my eyes and ejacule some awful moans. Kindly to inject me a ½ or 1 gal of strychnine, also a B and S because of my so high tensions and other electric fluids. I have produce you a spirituous photograph of my pictures which I saw on the trance. The *seance* are over.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, we shall suffer the best quality healths and very A.1 lucks for 1925, I remain

Yogo Hama

"The 1925 Horrorscope"

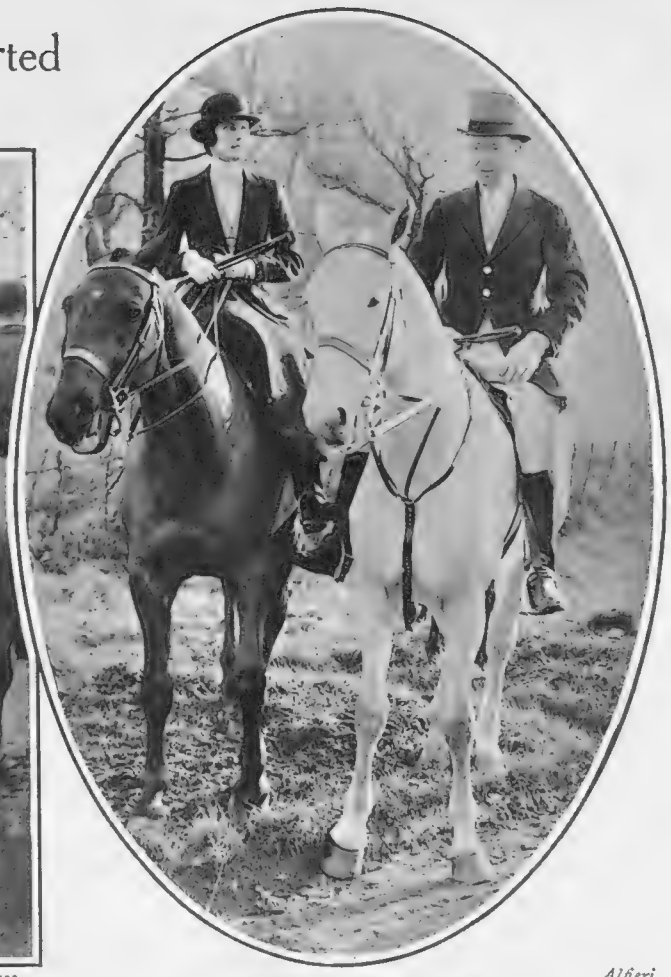
Hunt Happenings Pictorially Reported from Three Countries



Central Press

VINE LEAF WEARERS

Miss M. Shaw and Major Woodcock at a recent meet of the Vine at Basingstoke. The Master, Mr. A. Dalgety, has been showing good sport recently



Alfieri

WITH THE NORTH COTSWOLD

Captain Algernon Strickland and Lady Mary Strickland with the North Cotswold at Hinton, near Evesham

Central Press

A VINE MUSTER

Mr. and Mrs. C. Illingworth and Colonel Gough (on foot) at the meet of the Vine at Basingstoke

Sport and General

AROUND SANDRINGHAM

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry talking to Mrs. Charles Seymour (wife of the Master) at the Boxing Day meet of the West Norfolk at South Baynham

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE PENULTIMATE PUDDLE. By "PENDARVES"

WHATEVER may have happened at Twickenham last Saturday, it is interesting to reflect upon the situation that arose at Blackheath on the Saturday of the Christmas holidays. Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and there are some very old and reminiscent members of the parish wherein the Rectory Field lies, had such a day of filth been inflicted upon the old-world village. They crooned and croaked, as very old gentlemen do, about wet days when they recollected, "long before your time, young man," the games against —— but nothing had been as bad as this, oh no! Half a gale, or it may have been three-quarters of one, sheets of incessant rain, the ground a grassy morass, and the ball in weight as to half a dozen large Christmas puddings, and in feel like several pieces of wet soap stuck together.

Long before noon not a vestige of white touch lines were visible, and long before two o'clock the people sitting on the sodden seats in the open were drenched to the—whatever it was they were wearing underneath. Nevertheless, it was an interesting day's football, and one that should be remembered and recorded in this memorable Tour of Strength on the part of our New Zealand friends. We gave them the very worst sample of weather England is addicted to, and they overcame the severe handicap this meant to them, with a finish and a decisiveness that will stand always to their credit.

I had an opportunity of talking to some of these All Black bandits (for that is what they are as far as our score sheet is concerned) in the dressing-rooms before the game with London on that miserable day. It was an instructive experience. Mark you, every man in the London XV had been accustomed to Rugger on days like this, from the time when he was a shivering fag at school, later at the 'Varsity, and more recently still in club games on these sodden London grounds. To them it was just "a pig of a day," nothing else.

To the New Zealanders, in this their penultimate match, it was very much more. It was a seemingly impossible state of affairs. Especially emphatic as to the awfulness of things were those players who in non-studded shoes had slithered across the ground with their bags to the Pavilion. They felt anxiety, and some of them showed it.

We, on the other hand, with our scratch XV, at present arrayed in virginal white but soon to be indistinguishable from the black opponents, were inclined to gaiety. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity of upsetting the deadly mechanism of their three-quarter line, of shoving them off the ball on the pigstye of the ground. The gaiety was short-lived. I am still left wondering what upon earth would have happened to that London side if the day had not been so utterly vile—if, in fact, it had been fine and the ground swiftly dry? Twenty-eight points to three, you will remember their score was; the three points notched by Gibbs, after one of his characteristic short punts ahead along the touch-line, being the only convincing bit of attack London could manage to scrape up.

Of course, it was not Rugger in the accepted sense of the term. It was a scramble and a slide and a squelch of heaving, mud-blinded men with the brains and litheness and natural monkey cunning coming to the surface of things in the first five minutes and staying most domineeringly on top.

At the risk of boring reiteration of what has now become an accepted axiom (but one which, curiously enough, we do not even now seem to follow), may I point once again the moral which adorns the tale of these All Blacks' momentous tour? I have described in these pages more than once how dynamical and deadly is their following-up and having, on dry grounds, seldom less than three men on or about the ball. On water-logged grounds, when the safest hands slip, and the safest feet falter, the absolute over-riding importance of this is even more marked—it means almost everything.

On December 27, long ago as that seems since more momentous events have intervened, much of the primary superiority of play of the New Zealanders over us was nullified by the weather conditions. I go so far as to say that, owing to the awful weather on that occasion, we were almost as good as they were in all respects but one, namely, the ACTING TOGETHER. Much of their brilliant individualism was hampered and in many cases destroyed. But when you have got three men ready placed to do the job of one, combating one man who is trying with indomitable pluck and dash to do the job of three the answer is, not a lemon, but 28—3, or thereabouts.

All Rugger enthusiasts hope (and, of course, the men, like myself, who no longer have to don a jersey and get on with it, are most talkative in this respect!) that we shall not be too insular to learn our lesson from the 1924-25 New Zealanders by taking careful note of just *where* they excel and *where* we failed. It has not been lack of physical fitness, that is nonsense; it has not been lack of physique—you could not pick three harder or fitter men, for instance, than our front row scrimmage maulers last Saturday, Blakiston, "Reg" Edwards, and Tucker.

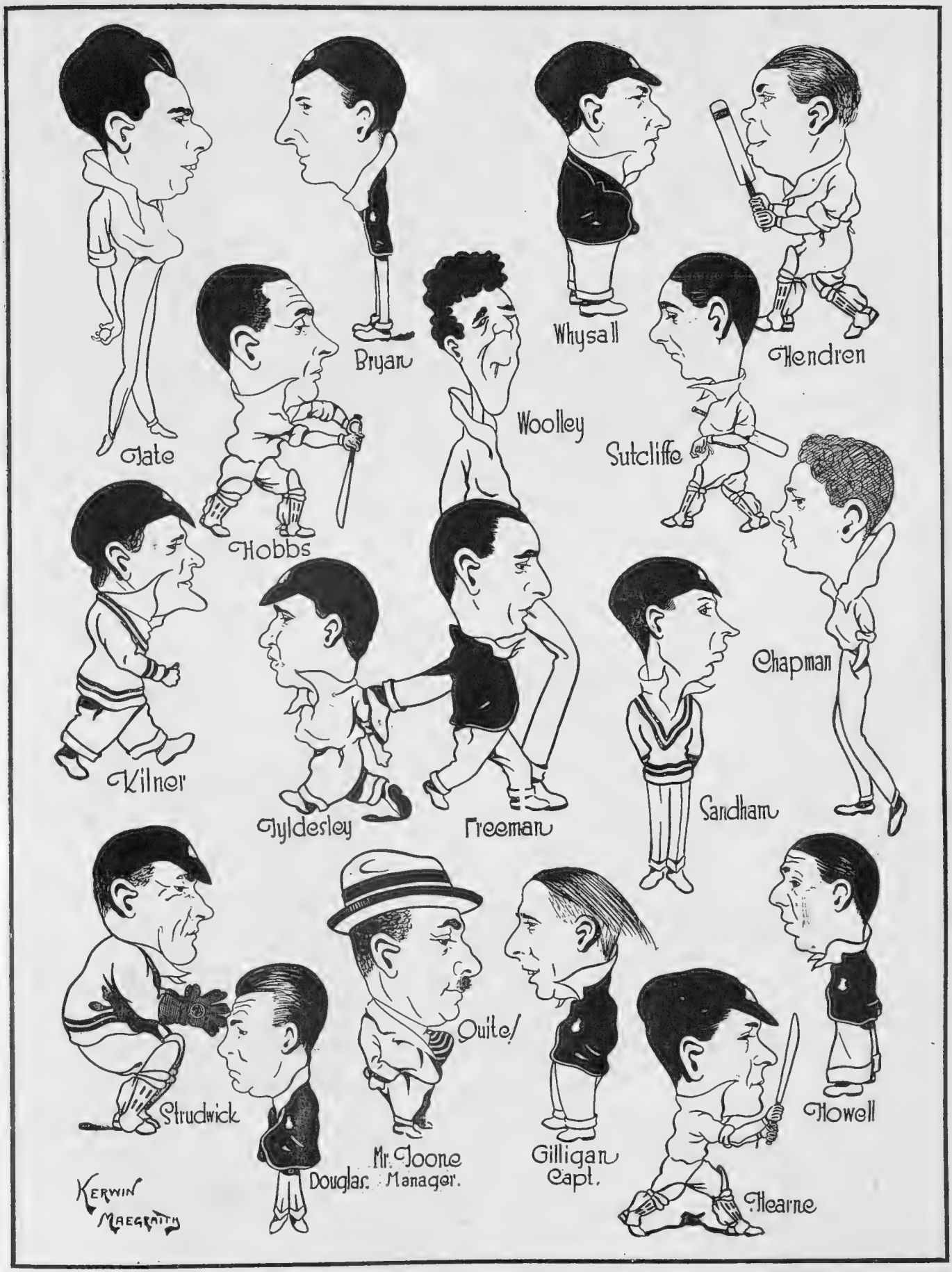
It is not that. It is cohesion, with a big C. A state of mind we seem always to lack, for reasons difficult, I know, to overcome; but essential to victory against such as these, our friendly enemies.

Central News

BOXING THE BLACKHEATH COMPASS ON BOXING DAY

An incident in the game between Blackheath and the Racing Club de France on the Rectory Field, when the visitors won by eleven points to seven. The game, played on Boxing Day (in a semi-somnolent mood), was strong evidence that the proof of the (Christmas) pudding is not always in the eating

Our Ash Hunters Down Under



BY KERWIN MAEGRAITH

THE M.C.C. TOURISTS AS SEEN BY AN AUSTRALIAN ARTIST

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

A Badminton Foxhunter

THE deepest sympathy of hunting people will be extended to the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort in the further bereavement she suffered last week by the death of her brother, Mr. W. A. Harford, this following with cruel suddenness upon the passing of her husband. There was no hunting with the Badminton on Saturday in consequence of Mr. Harford's funeral. He lived only a few days after the very unusual hunting accident which occurred to him. During the course of a long career with hounds, Mr. Harford must have opened many hundreds of gates, and it is strange that the practice in which he was so adept should have led to his fatal accident. It appears that he was in the act of opening a gate set in a stone wall when his horse suddenly became startled. He plunged so badly that Mr. Harford was thrown out of the saddle, and struck his head heavily against the wall.

A Fine Rider

I THINK it is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the best known horsemen in the kingdom. He was in great demand as a judge at horse shows, and it was always a treat to see him trying young hunters round the ring. With his perfect seat and hands they always seemed willing to do their best for him. With the hounds he was equally efficient. He was tremendously hard, and even when he reached the veteran stage he was still a wonder. Two great figures in fox-hunting have gone from us in Mr. "Billy" Harford and his life-long friend and brother-in-law, the ninth Duke of Beaufort.

Pytchley Change

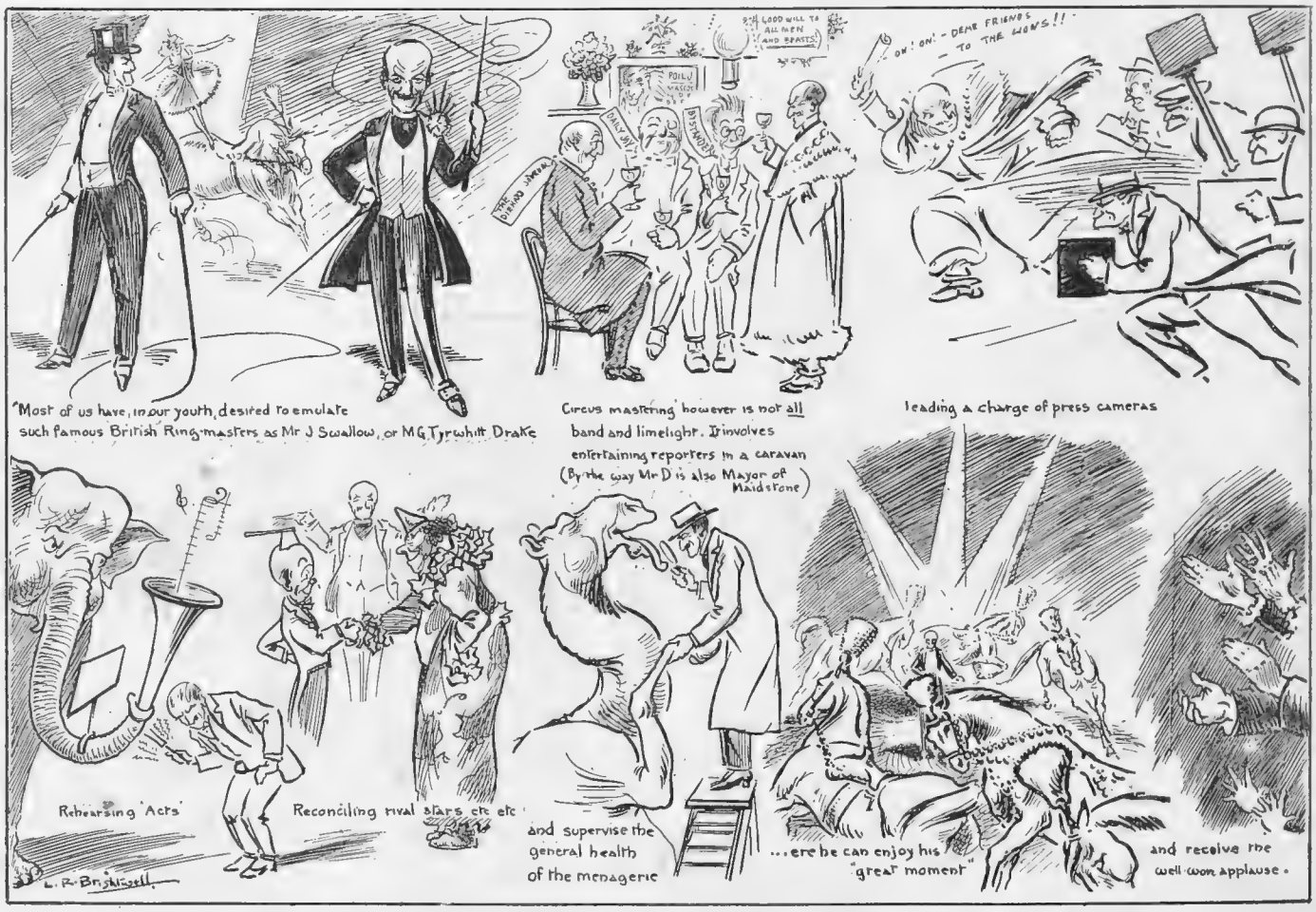
ONE of the first of the impending changes of Masterships—plenty more are sure to follow—is notified from the Pytchley country. The retirement of Sir Charles Lowther and his brother makes a gap which it will be difficult adequately to fill. It is to be feared that their resignation is one of the unhappy sequels to foot-and-mouth disease, and the drastic regulations which have so seriously affected foxhunting. Not many countries suffered more severely from this cause last winter than the Pytchley, and even this season the Northamptonshire side of the country has been hit pretty badly by sundry outbreaks. All this has inevitably had a damaging effect upon the Hunt exchequer, and it is said that the joint Masters are retiring mainly for financial reasons.

Popular M.F.H.'s

SIR CHARLES first became M.F.H. in the year which saw the outbreak of the War. During his absence on military service Lady Lowther filled his place with the hounds with much tact and ability. Two seasons ago Colonel Jack Lowther joined his brother in the Mastership, and it is a pity they have been so greatly hampered by cattle disease regulations. Naturally people in the Shires are wondering who will succeed them. The command of the Pytchley is not everybody's job. I know one follower of the pack who would not be adverse from taking it on, and he has the wherewithal to do the thing in the best style. But whether he will be the Hunt Committee's choice remains to be seen.

A Diamond Wedding

A HAPPY event shortly to be celebrated is the Diamond Wedding of Lord and Lady Coventry. The Croome Hunt, with which they have so long been closely associated, is not going to let the opportunity slip of rendering tribute to this immensely popular couple. A movement is on foot to present them with an address as a token of affection, and those foxhunters who wish to join in should communicate with Mr. H. L. Whatlet at Aston Lodge, Malvern Wells. Lord Coventry founded the Croome Hunt as far back as 1867, and hunted the pack for a great many years. He also hunted the North Cotswold country at his own expense for six seasons, while his successful Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds will also be recalled. On the Turf he has been almost as great a personality as he has been in the Chase.



THE RULER OF THE RING AT ISLINGTON — By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Circus has made her fifty-first entry into the Agricultural Hall, Islington, this year. As Queen of the World's Fair she is better than ever, being the same bespangled and wonderfully mounted lady who wins the heart of every man—up to ten years of age. Moreover, she presents us with a British ring-master and cast, and caters especially for those whose purses are as slender as their enthusiasm is keen

IT *WAS* THE BALL *of the* YEAR

GIFTS FOR THE GUESTS AND A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE

"BYSTANDER" SOUVENIR PROGRAMME WINNING NUMBERS

MISS BYSTANDER

A fair reveller who paid us the compliment of bringing our Christmas cover to life most charmingly

BIRTHDAY-TIME in Venice: What could be more delightful? THE BYSTANDER and the Chelsea Arts Club thought that *nothing* could be. And the success of the big Albert Hall Ball on New Year's Eve has, surely, justified their choice, for the Chelsea Arts and BYSTANDER Coming-of-Age Ball has been popularly acclaimed as *the* Ball of the Year. To the Albert Hall we went, four thousand of us; four thousand little girls and boys determined to forget for a while work and worries and pain and angry feelings—to forget, in short, all those frightening things that appear so much more terrifying than they really are, and make poor tired grown-ups of those who are at heart just children. It was a real bumper birthday-party, this night before the morning after, with a big cake thirty-six feet high, and handsome presents of Cadbury's chocolates and Abdulla cigarettes. The caterers, too, had entered into the spirit of the party, for all who scrambled for the lift or good-naturedly pushed their way up the stairs leading to the buffets received a neat little packet of birthday cake with THE BYSTANDER'S New Year wishes.

A Last Minute Surprise

AN amazing Birthday Surprise had been kept a dead secret until the last minute, so that no one knew until they were actually in the hall and had received their handsome souvenir programmes what was in store. All the guests were told to note the mystic number on the top left-hand corner of their programmes. Duplicate numbers corresponding to every number on the programmes had been locked up in a ballot-box hidden in the cake; and at midnight, two Miss Bystanders, assisted by fourteen picked ladies from the chorus of *Charlot's Revue* (from the Prince of Wales' Theatre) drew out a hundred and one tickets from the box.

The first number drawn entitles the holder of the correspondingly numbered programme to go to Monsieur Péron, the famous costumier, of 235, Regent Street, W., and order a wonderful evening wrap and an evening gown, a complete winter outfit, or anything that the lucky holder may desire up to the value of 100 GUINEAS. The next hundred numbers entitle holders to visit Babers, the well-known shoe specialists, of 309, Oxford Street, W., and receive a handsome pair of their perfectly made TWO-GUINEA Shoes—all New Year gifts from THE BYSTANDER.

The Winning Numbers

THE following are the winning numbers, *now published for the first time*. The winner of the 100 Guinea Gift is the holder of

No. 3635

The hundred winners of the Two-Guinea Shoes are the owners of programmes numbered as follows:

47	997	2272	2956	3548
59	1035	2358	3008	3549
364	1199	2364	3058	3550
441	1424	2383	3106	3645
565	1437	2396	3107	3648
598	1510	2400	3136	3777
683	1511	2408	3158	3782
693	1673	2411	3159	3840
700	1895	2525	3163	3938
712	1899	2543	3166	3945
718	1921	2570	3168	4056
720	1930	2633	3218	4094
730	1931	2672	3243	4114
783	1940	2708	3276	4126
797	1963	2797	3311	4156
825	2037	2830	3508	4214
917	2095	2865	3509	4270
952	2152	2881	3510	4305
990	2161	2894	3512	4385
994	2218	2895	3514	4387

Holders of the winning numbered programmes are invited to write—enclosing their programmes which will be returned to them—to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, when an order on Babers (on Monsieur Péron in the case of the first number, 3635) will be posted to them with instructions what to do.

THE HUB OF THE GAY WHEEL

A striking picture of the giant Bystander Birthday Cake that formed the central decoration of the Albert Hall; and a few of the merry folk who helped to make New Year's Eve, 1924, such a memorable festival of laughter

G. P. U.

A RIVIERA NUMBER

Like our Riviera Numbers, this delightful "rouge et noir" creation was a sure winner, and the clever design was much admired

Our Joyful Coming-of-A

THE PLAYING'S THE THING

Mr. Nat Ayer, cunningly disguised as the "cat burglar," conducting the orchestra during the playing of "The Bystander" Fox-trot, which, with "The Bystander" Waltz Song, he composed for the occasion

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Members of Baroness d'Erlanger's party lend an international touch to the proceedings. The Baroness is seen second from the right

"CINDERELLA'S SHOES!"

Examining some of the beautiful two-guinea evening shoes at Babers, of Oxford Street, which the "Bystander" is presenting to a hundred holders of winning numbers drawn on New Year's Eve

"WE ARE SEVEN"

It takes all sorts of dress to make a successful ball and above is a comprehensive collection of costumes from this world—*and* another! The group shows: Mr. Winhurst (left), Mrs. Terry, Mr. P. Goldeney, Mr. Lewsey, Mr. Adams, Mrs. Goldeney, and Mr. Terry

Copies of our centre colour pages depicting can be had, specially printed on art paper "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, photographs taken at the Ball, as well as to the Graphic Photo

ll on New Year's Eve

A BASH-FUL INTERLUDE

r. E. Binns (left), Mr. Rose, Mr. E. Bishop and Miss Cooke from the Central School of Arts show how a Persian Birthday is celebrated—sometimes

THE "BYSTANDER'S" SURPRISE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Two Miss "Bystander" girls, supported by fourteen picked ladies of the chorus from "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, making the "Bystander" surprise draw at midnight. The holder of the programme bearing the first number drawn is entitled to be fitted for 100 guineas' worth of wonderful clothes by Monsieur Péron, the famous dress expert of Regent Street, while the holders of the next hundred drawn will each be fitted with a two-guinea pair of beautiful evening shoes at Babers, the foot-fitting specialists of Oxford Street

"MOTLEY MUSINGS"

of merrymakers at the Albert Hall who found time to visit the "Daily Graphic" photographer ? If so, you can obtain copies on application to the Graphic Photo Union at Tallis Street

SKETCHES BY HELEN MCKIE

"A MOST INGENIOUS PARADOX" G. P. U.

The one man in the above group is the only person to boast a skirt, the four ladies having resorted to the trousers—for one night only. The group shows: Mr. Fife Schaw (left), Mrs. Goldeney, Mrs. Lawsey, Mrs. Cuff and Mrs. Fife Schaw

the Albert Hall, on New Year's Eve, 26 on application to the Publisher, E.C. 4. Copies of all the above ot published, can be had on application ame address

If We Had That Button—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by Helen McKie

"So vulgar, some of these suddenly rich"

LONDON, *January* 5

DEAR COUSIN—

IF you had that button, I wonder, what would you do? Alf's, I mean, the one in that nice play of Mr. Darlington's at the Princes. Which when polished, or even only just slightly stroked, produced instantly—and before you could say "British Constitution" or "Salute the Constabulary," even if unhampered by the veriest *soupçon* of cocktails or Grand Marnier—a perfectly good Genie or Djinn, who'd bring you anything you like in about half a dot, from a boxlet of Nildé to some billions of millions in good pre-War gold.

RATHER fascinating that sort of play, don't you think? Partly 'cos you feel all the time how frightfully much better you'd arrange things yourself if you only had the chance—just like when you meet any of those much-envied millionaires and find 'em pos'tively quite out of the picture in the way of how to spend money, and, what's more, ever so much more worried about it than any of *us* poor struggling candidates for the dole. And could find quite a good use for one of aforesaid buttons meself, am sure.

DO things on a real proper generous and broadminded scale though, of course, one'd have to. There's a gossiping country vicar and his wife, f'rinstance—or vicaress and husband I *should* say—that the lucky button-owner in the play just strikes partially dumb. But what an opportunity missed and chance of a lifetime let slip, what? I mean, can think of quite a fairish lot of people I'd dumbstrike (which, I s'pose, is the present of dumbstruck) if I only had the chance, not merely for a paltry moment, but the rest of their lifetime (or, anyway, mine). And not thereby cause any very serious loss or inconvenience to anyone, either—'cluding the victims of the dexterous *coup* above-mentioned 'emselves, it being all for their ultimate good, as Plato'd put it, *n'est-ce-pas?*

AND then 'stead of letting the Djinn or Genie or Slave of the Button build me a great big Oriental palace all in a night, which is *bound* to cause remark, or even a month, I'd just make him 'ngage a real squad of British workmen and take a room at the Ritz or somewhere for a year at least, and see the thing done in proper British style. Just a gradual 'cumulation of frocks, too, I'd buy—no more than one new one purchased per day with, of course, a hat or so and a shoe and a coat or two every fortnight just to go on with.

SO vulgar, they seem to be, don't they, some of these suddenly rich? All rather obviously and blatantly *kolossal* like some of the scenery, I'm 'fraid, in the *Dream* at the Lane. Where Mr. Shakespeare's well-known work is being produced, as someone put it, by kind permission of Mr. Basil Dean. And it's all done quite regardless, 'cos, as you know, there are some perfectly good S. African millions behind it all. And there's some d'lightful Mendelssohn music, too, and Fokine ballets, and Mr. Hay Petrie really is an excellent Puck, whatever some people may say, but . . . Well, must say I rather prefer my Shakespeare neat, or, anyway, with just Old Vic. sauce, and *sans* trimmings, such as little twinkly-twankly lights and winky-wanky moonlight and so-called fairies being bundled about on fearf'lly obvious wires like bits of cargo going aboard ship. . . .

BUT even the best buttons can't buy some things, can they?—things that, as someone says somewhere, are only done with much prayer and fasting. Just a touch of consolation therein, isn't there for us poor buttonless ones? And if it's the button business meself, should also cert'nly, methinks, have tried to arrange it so't we had a snow-and-icy Christmas and New Year . . . but then, p'raps, that's yet 'nother of the things that buttons, even of the super kind, are more or less inadequate to 'complish or purchase at any price.

"Countesses pouncing on bargains"

'CORDING to our latest critic, a famous doctor-man, all modern women are poor, badly nourished things. . . . Brains over-stimulated by wrong education, wrong food, and drugs, body sheathed from throat to hips in rubber, and 'n fact degenerating like mad from day to day and minute to minute, or words to that effect. Isn't it too terribly frightful? Only redeeming feature being that we do 'parently take exercise, tho' how it's managed with all those drugs and the throat-to-hip and rubber and all the rest (have *you* ever seen any of these rubber-necks?) I don't quite know. And dancing, sez 'e, is undoubtedly an exercise, and there is no harm in it in moderation.

FOR which relief much thanks, of course, as the aforementioned Shakespeare says somewhere. So with a (moderately) light heart we can still go on spending a 'casional evening or so at Ciro's or the Embassy, or the Piccadilly, or the Café de Paris or the Cri Root, or the Empress Rooms, or those Saturday *diners-dansants* they've just started again at the Belgravia.

"Soupçon of cocktails"

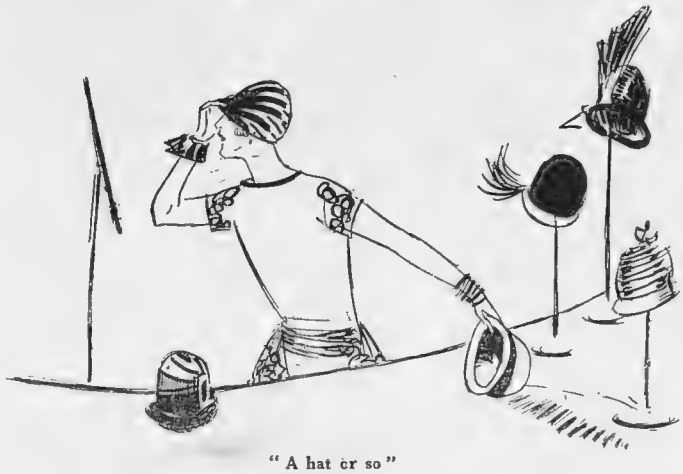
DANCING Champs, on, by the way, at Queen's Hall this Friday as ever is—and I only wish some of the Bishops and people that are always denouncing the prim'tive savagery and unbridled license of the fox-trot 'd just go and have a look at a few of the "heats," as they call 'em, sarcastic-like. Being as a matter of fact, 'mong the world's coolest and calmest affairs, this prize dancing, I mean. When glancing thereat at the R.I. Galleries next Princes the other night, felt rather like a prayer-meeting, so stately and solemn was it all.

RATHER glad in a way (said she, enviously, of course) that I'm not a dancing champ. or champ. dancer, 'cos I'm sure I should always be champing at the strictly c'rect and well regulated way I'd have to dance.

There are times when I feel absolutely reckless,

as Ivy St. Helier sings in one of those sweet little drawing-room ballads of hers—and one of 'em is right here with us now in the form or shape of the well-known January Sales. Whereat am told it was once rather the mode and pose round Mayfair way to sniff, but now it's got so smart to be poor you can see duchesses and countesses queuing up in Kensington and Oxford Street and places, and pouncing on bargains with the best.

PERFECTLY wonderful, you know, what you can do for about twopence or thereabout at these joyous scrambles, if you're only firm about it, and even fit yourself out with care more or less *à la mode de Paris*. Where they're wearing *the* very flimsiest little frocks, spite of the



"A hat or so"

weather that's very much like ours (and I can't say no fairer nor that)—sleeveless, low-necked and short—but 've revived the fur coat again to cover you 'tany rate as far as the knees. B'low which it's just a case of Heaven-Help-Us, 'cos you simply *must* wear the very thinnest of shoes and things even if it snows. But skirts are fuller for evenings, which is one comfort anyway, *pour le danse*.

BUT that's one of my New Year Resolutions, 'smatter of fact, signed, sealed, and delivered on the thirty-first ult., with a lot more and not broken yet (isn't it marvellous?)—not to buy more than one frock a week I mean or spend my week's dress allowance 'fore Tuesday at earliest. But if only I had that button. . . . Quite a lot of dress places could shut up shop to-morrow, not to mention jewellers, and spots where they sell chocs.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

MOOR PARK

The Golfer's Paradise

MOOR PARK, with its three splendid courses and the famous old mansion which now serves as a club-house, proves a veritable paradise for those who follow "the Royal and Ancient game of Golf." Some idea of the magnificence of the surroundings may be gathered from the upper photograph which shows the club-house on the right, the small building on the extreme left being occupied by Sandy Herd and his son, the club professionals. The lower picture shows the beautiful scenery in which the courses are laid. In fact, the scenery is so fine that, when playing one's first round over one of the courses, it proves a matter of some difficulty to keep the eye rigorously on the ball!

THE PALATIAL CLUB-HOUSE

THE VIEW FROM ONE OF THE GREENS

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Looking Ahead

Now that we have turned into a new year, racing people will begin to think of the prospects of the coming season on the flat. We shall miss a number of the best-known performers, including Papyrus, Teresina, Tranquil, and Mumtaz Mahal. There is plenty of scope for new champions, both in short distance events and over long journeys. Who will be the best sprinter of the year? Perhaps Heverswood will gain that distinction, but the chances are that Diomedes will be the better of the two at weight-for-age. I may be doing this unbeaten colt an injustice in including him among the sprinting brigade. We know that he stayed well enough to vanquish a smart field over six furlongs at the back-end of the season at Hurst Park. Jack Leader, his trainer, is fairly sanguine that he will stay well. From his breeding and from the style in which he has won his races so far, however, my opinion is that Diomedes is destined to gather greater fame as a sprinter than as a stayer.

A Classic Colt

At the moment it seems rather a tragedy that he has no classic engagements, though he would assuredly have run up against a nasty snag in the Two Thousand and the Derby in the shape of Picaroon. If these two could meet over a mile course next spring I suppose Picaroon would be the greater favourite. The Manton colt certainly shapes like a Derby winner, but much may happen between now and the Epsom Summer Meeting to dim Mr. Algernon Cox's hopes of carrying off the greatest prize which the Turf offers. It will be remembered how disappointed his late brother, the lucky "Fairie" Cox, was with Bayardo in the Derby, but he did not have to wait long before Lemberg did the trick in his colours at Epsom. And then, some years later, came Gay Crusader, who would undoubtedly have won the Derby at Epsom as decisively as he did the war-time substitute at Newmarket. Picaroon comes from the same family as Mr. "Fairie" Cox's champions, and his owner is fortunate to have inherited such priceless bloodstock.

FEATURES OF THE JUMPING SEASON — By "The Tout"

Mr. Harry Brown has been in great form this season; George Poole is turning out more winners than ever; there is always a rush to back George Duller's mounts, and old "Ned Carver" still keeps on popping up to the delight of his many backers and everyone concerned

Sansovino

We are all interested to see how Sansovino will shape this year. When he cantered away with the Derby there was a general impression that he would develop into as great a horse as his sire, Swynford. But his failure in his second race at Ascot shook our confidence, though it was probably asking a bit too much of the colt to run him in three strenuous races within a little more than a fortnight. The effort, indeed, may have helped to "stump up" Sansovino for the rest of the year, and it is certain that he was nothing like himself when he ran in the St. Leger.

St. Germans

It was one of the minor tragedies of the past season that St. Germans was prevented by an untimely cough from taking his place in the St. Leger field. I am betraying no secret when I say that Alec Taylor had great confidence in his ability to win that race. It is difficult to say whether Sansovino or St. Germans will make the better stayer. Both are by the same sire, but the Manton colt seems to have the stouter blood on the maternal side of his pedigree. Anyway, I shall be bitterly disappointed if these two cracks do not prove good enough to resist the efforts of our French neighbours to win the Ascot Gold Cup again. This week-end the meetings are at Gatwick and Haydock Park. At the former fixture **Brixton**, reported to be a smart performer over the hurdles, may gain his maiden success at this branch of racing. In the North, **Gyroscope** may win the Warrington Hurdle Handicap on Friday, and **Ganzey** the January Steeplechase on the following day.

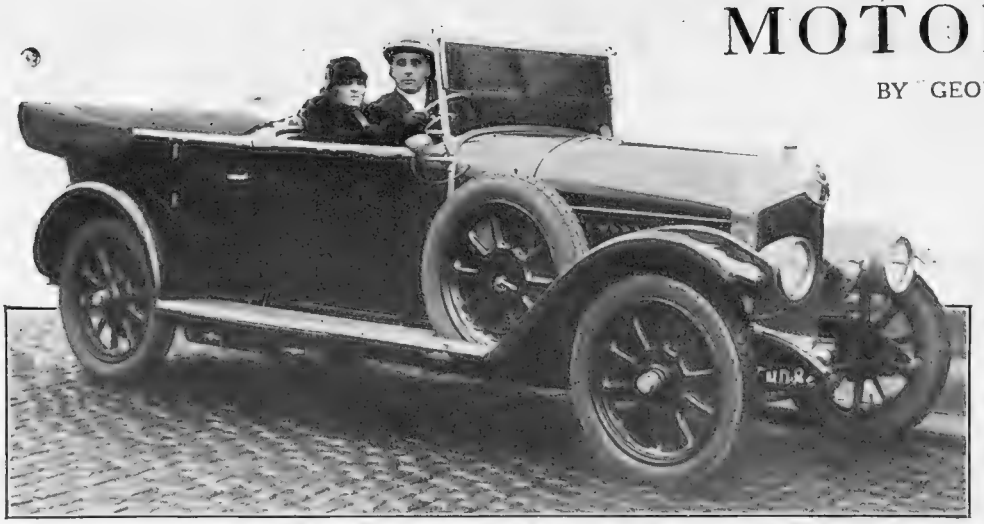
Around the Ring at the Crystal Palace

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

Some impressions of the Continental Circus which is being held twice daily until January 17th at the Crystal Palace. Horses figured very prominently on the programme, notably the exposition of *haute école* by Madame Gauthier and her perfectly trained quintette, some clever vaulting by Mademoiselle Rosa, and exciting Cossack riding by Agube Gudzow. Tight-rope walking and trapeze miracles high up in the vast roof gave thrills to suit the gory-minded young savage home from school, and clowns did all that tradition demanded of them

MOTOR NOTES

BY GEORGE C. STEAD



ON THE ROAD

Miss Chrissie White and her husband, Mr. Henry Edwards, the well-known film stars, in the Crossley car they used during a recent visit to Manchester with their new play, "The Man Who Came Home"

I THINK that the rider of a solo motor-cycle who takes part in a twenty-four hours' trial in mid-winter is either the biggest hero or the biggest lunatic in the world. This impression arose in my mind when I was observing the performances of the various machines in the London-Exeter-London Trial last Boxing Day. I careered through the night in a comfortable and perfectly weather-proof 14 h.p. Bean saloon. I could hear the wind howling all round the car, and I could hear the rain drumming on the roof. My sympathies went out to the unfortunate motor-cyclists, who were obviously drenched, and had the added troubles of remaining upright and of keeping to their correct time. Probably the competitor who fell in the sea at Sidmouth did not notice any increase in wetness!

* * *

THIS journey, more than anything else, impressed on my mind the extreme value of a saloon body for really dirty work. On the outward trip between Salisbury and Dorchester, over the open plain, I was driving into the teeth of the gale and with the rain at its heaviest. So heavy was the resistance that a generous amount of throttle was necessary down hills in order to maintain a decent speed, yet I sat inside that car clad in the habiliments of town and in perfect comfort. The screen-wiper allowed me a clear vision ahead, and the ventilating window in the roof gave ample air for the occupants, allowing no rain to enter except when the car was stationary. The only difficulty I experienced with this type of body was after dark had fallen. When meeting cars with bright headlights the rain-drops on the screen split up the beams and presented me with a haze of glory through which I could not see. This was, of course, no fault of the car.

* * *

WIRELESS on the car is the latest aid to trials driving. N. Goodwin on a Bean saloon had a beautiful wireless set in his rear seat, complete with loud speaker, an aerial on the roof. Weary competitors were delighted to hear the Bournemouth station being received very clearly in the courtyard at Salisbury. With the present delicacy of valves, it is somewhat difficult to utilise a powerful set continuously in a car, but considerable developments are taking place in this direction and greater reliability may soon be secured. The best application of wireless to a car that I have experienced is on a big Daimler. It has no apparent aerial, its functions being discharged by a large copper plate, mounted in the hollow roof of the limousine. A small box, cloth covered, is located on the near side, and head-phones are provided for the passengers. Both when stationary and when in motion, I have achieved particularly good receptions.

* * *

I HAVE already made reference to the Citroën Trans-Saharan motor trip, which is starting next month. I have received further particulars concerning dates and prices which may be of interest to Bystanders. Two trips will be run per week, starting in the third week of January. The starting-point is Colomb-Bechar in North Africa. The trip from the starting-point to Timbuctoo and the return journey occupy twenty-one days, of which time seven days are spent on the Niger. If it is desired to extend the journey to Miamey, the round trip will occupy twenty-six days, while a further ten days can be occupied in big game shooting in the "W" region of the Niger. The price of the return ticket from Colomb-Bechar to Timbuctoo is £475, while the single journey costs £295.

* * *

THOSE who desire to penetrate into the heart of Africa will be interested to know that the journey from London to Paris by rail and steamer takes seven hours, from Paris to Marseilles by rail twelve hours, from Marseilles to Algiers by steamer twenty-eight hours, and from Algiers to Colomb-Bechar by rail thirty-two hours, a total of seventy-nine hours. The actual trip across the Sahara to Timbuctoo occupies fourteen hours in Citroën Kegresse six-seater cars, forty-five hours in Citroën four-seater cars of ordinary pattern, and eighteen hours in motor launches on the River Niger, a total of seventy-seven hours. I have given the actual travelling times, but, of course, a considerable time will be spent on the journey in hotels, particularly those constructed by M. Citroën in the desert. The party for each trip is limited to twelve passengers, and a numbered seat is allocated with each ticket. I should dearly love to make such a trip, but further negotiations would be necessary with my bank manager!

* * *

CONSIDERABLE attention is being devoted to the Dominion of Australia at the moment, with which the Test Matches are not entirely unconnected. It is, therefore, of particular topical interest to report the performance of a Scottish car in one of the worst parts of the Dominion. A record run has recently been accomplished by a 20 h.p. Arrol-Johnston through the Coorong, which forms part of the South-Eastern communication between Adelaide and Melbourne. The going is rough and heavy over unmade roads for a stretch of about 100 miles through uninhabited and uncultivated country. This wilderness is traversed only by motor-vehicles, the deep tracks of which vary in width. Sometimes the condition of the track is such that one wheel is sunk deep in the groove, while the other is perched up on high piled sand. Hot, dry weather leaves the surface caked and corrugated, while heavy rain transforms the track into a bog. I am informed that the Arrol-Johnston came through this trip entirely unscathed, which is excellent testimony to its suitability for Colonial conditions.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

A clever display in the windows of the Holbrook Motor Co., Ltd., of Richmond. It is intended to induce the desire for road travel by portraying all the glories of spring. An additional inducement is found in the four Morris cars which figure in the scene

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AFTER 30,000 miles of give-and-take driving, you might expect your car to be losing a little of its enthusiasm for hard work. You would anticipate that it would be a little slower in the get-away, a little less lively on hills, and not so disposed to get up to that mile-a-minute gait that is such a joy.

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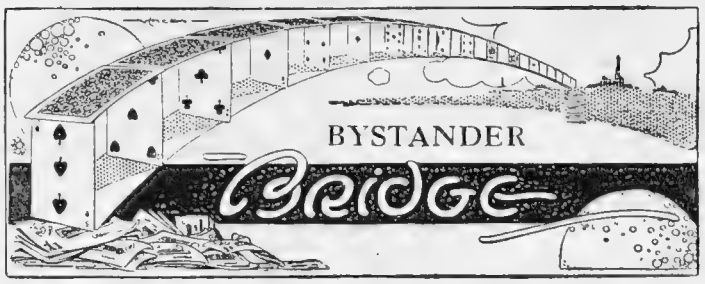

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CONCERNING BRIDGE ETHICS

WHAT is fair and what is not fair at Bridge is a nice question which must, on the whole, be left to the conscience of the individual player. We have no sure guidance. In the clauses on Etiquette appended to the present code of laws it is set forth that "from the nature and conditions under which the game is played, acts may be done and words so spoken, as to convey a very distinct intimation to a partner. *To do so is to offend* against the most important of the proprieties of the game."

It is also laid down that it is unfair purposely to make an insufficient bid or to revoke purposely.

. . . . . .

But the Portland Club doubtless felt unable to enter more minutely into cases of unfairness. It does not mention that it is unfair to hesitate purposely to deceive an opponent or enlighten a partner. That is covered, no doubt, by the clause quoted above about "acts so done," etc. Hesitation is by far the most common fault in play. And it is usually impossible to bring it home to the offender. The man who hesitates in making a bid or in playing a card proclaims the fact that he has something to hesitate about. That is most valuable information. In the matter of bidding, it is generally more useful to his partner than to his opponents. In the play of the cards it may be done deliberately to deceive the Declarer.

. . . . . .

Brigadier-General Sykes, greatly daring, has endeavoured in his interesting book, *The Bridge Mind* (Methuen), to construct a code of ethics for the game and to distinguish between justifiable and unjustifiable methods.

The word "deception" has an ugly sound. But it must be admitted that at Bridge, as in war, deception is quite justifiable. The successful General is the one who by strategy and ruse deceives the enemy. In other games besides Bridge deception is recognised. At Poker it is a very important part of play. But apart from card games, as the General points out, in cricket, for instance, the bowler by his action or by the flight of the ball, tries to deceive the batsman. He even goes further, and explains that when the bowler, by some *secret signal*, lets the wicket-keeper know that he is about to bowl a short ball, or a ball to leg, or by another signal that he may stand up to the wicket for a slow delivery, he is, in none of these instances, accused of unfairness. The batsman is comparatively difficult to dislodge, and the bowler seeks no undue advantage by recourse to such measures, and we find little therein at which we can cavil.

. . . . . .

At Bridge, however, the case is different. Private signals between partners are unfair. So are private conventions. No convention is admissible at the Bridge-table unless it is a universally accepted convention which every player is expected to know, or unless it is explained to the table before the start of the rubber that the players intend to adopt it. I have seen it argued that there is no unfairness in two players using a secret convention, but from the point of view of ethics I don't think the argument will bear examination. At Bridge there are many unwritten laws. The principle of them is that no player should try to take an *unfair* advantage of another.

Now it must be admitted there is difficulty in laying down in black and white exactly what an *unfair* advantage is. I know an old-fashioned player who considers false carding or bluff bidding unfair. But false leads, false play, false discards and bluff are justifiable instruments of guile. The wary and experienced player will be on the look out for them. That is the point. False play is penetrable. The would-be biter may be bitten in his turn.

. . . . . .

Certain false leads are so well known that they are suspected as a matter of course by shrewd players. For instance, with Queen, Jack of a suit and Ace, 10 and another on his right, a well-conducted and truthful player leads the Queen. But in a moment of unrighteousness he may, to his shame, lead Jack in order to induce a *finesse* of the ten on the next round. It is a common and trite ruse, and the man who *invariably* employs it is a marked man. But if he sometimes leads one and sometimes the other of the two cards, he, at any rate, holds his opponents in doubt.

. . . . . .

In the practice of deception inconsistency is an indispensable attribute. The man who never varies his game is easy to read. Pliability of mind is a necessary quality in bringing off coups. A man who has a reputation as a sound bidder who seldom over-calls his hand can often "get away with the goods" when he does once in a way over-call, whereas the perpetual over-caller is sure of being doubled.

. . . . . .

In the play of the hand, the Declarer is in the most favourable position to deceive, for Dummy has no susceptibilities and is innocuous and is always out of the picture. "If," writes General Sykes, "a player is uncertain of his partner's mentality, he must be prepared before he takes the path of guile to take charge of the proceedings. He may be abandoning the great principle of team work and should be alive to the consequences of failure."

I would add that when in opposition the player, unless very experienced, and with a partner equally experienced, should, as a rule, confine himself to straightforward play. Do not deceive your partner is an excellent axiom. The one exception is when deceiving him does not matter.

ONLY ON "PEACE" WORK

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"No, sir—only during the war, sir."

By F. C. Boyle

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

First Footing One of the best of old-time customs finds favour still in the interesting observance of "First Footing." The "First Foot," or first person to cross the threshold after midnight on December 31st, must be a dark man, and it is essential that the event be honoured in the kind of refreshment most worthy of the occasion.

It's a wise old custom to *take a peg of John Begg!*

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BY J. TOUCHET

IN THE FLOWER MARKET AT NICE

Femina

RABBIT-LORE

BY "CANDIDA"

SUCH an uninspiring month is an English January. Which is why, I suppose, most people prefer the foreign sort. But they miss the compensations. The sales, for instance, where one is always going to find the bargain of one's life—and never does. And the New Year's parties that haven't half the sentimental interest away from home as they pleasantly celebrate the arrival of the better times—which never arrive. And the coming-out of one's new fur coat which wasn't allowed a proper look-in before Christmas because it's a habit the best people's best coats always had, nobody knows why. Last, but not least, the decent burying of one's Christmas presents, those at any rate that didn't turn out to be sable coats and ermine capes.

FURS are in the picture, as I've said before. They make up for the dulness of the winter scheme. Why it should make all the difference to one's self-respect to be wrapped in some hairy beast or other the moment the winter begins I can't imagine, but it does. It always did even in the cave days if the pictures are anything to go by. Also it keeps all sorts of people very busy all the year round producing these props to our self-esteem; so we'll admit it has its uses.

FURS are a fascinating subject, new every morning, or every winter, anyway; though there was a time when fur, in any shape, was above the laws of change. I don't mean that it had a charmed life. Moths and things aren't a new invention exactly, and rain and snow didn't improve it any more than it does nowadays. But long ago a "tippet," once a tippet, was always a tippet, and a coat, or a "jacket," as it called itself then, never dreamt of changing its collar or its outline.

DO you still remember the seal-skin jackets which wore themselves shabbily russet, or patchily golden-brown, in the service of their owners without literally turning a hair? No one attempted to turn it, that's why. Fashions altered, of course, as they still insist on doing, but the furry beast, once it was a jacket, or a tippet, calmly ignored them. One's furs disappeared regularly into a camphory chest every March to be resurrected punctually to new triumphs in October. It was easy and cheap to astonish the natives.

BUT the fur tippet must have led a dull life of it, even if it was a virtuous one. Like the ladies whose sloping shoulders it adorned—or covered anyway—its outlook was a narrow one. It didn't begin life as a plain little rabbit to blossom later into snowy ermine, with a fringe of lovely alien tails. It had no adventures; it was always itself. The furrier people no more thought of faking fur than the rest of us would dream of producing insincere five-pound notes.

WHEN did we change all that? It's so long ago I can't remember. First it dawned on some bright person that furs might as well follow the usual outline, and then some other genius remembered that the world was full of unwanted rabbits. The result of those two inspirations has changed the face of the world so to speak, and contributed quite enormously to the happiness of people. If all these nice, furry capes and stoles and things don't necessarily keep one very warm, they do help to decorate with their spots and stripes. But I'd be sorry to find a name for the beasts responsible. No wise person attempts it. It doesn't matter a bit about the origin of your fur; the art's in the treatment of it, and such skill, such daring and originality were never dreamt of before. Take almost any expensive beast you like, add an "ine" or an "ette" to its name, and you'll be near enough to the mark. Even when you're buying, the assistant is impressively vague. Perhaps she doesn't know, or doesn't want you to know. Does it matter very much? "Beauty is truth" was once said, "and that is all you know, and all you need to know." Apply this argument to furs and it follows that the sham's as good as the real so long as it looks the part.

AND a good deal less expensive, of course, though you've got to pay for brains always. Once upon a time the weight of a fur coat wasn't a thing to be faced lightly and airily. It meant something on wheels and a footman in attendance if one was to be comfortable at all. Nowadays, by some magic process, the old burden has become a featherweight of warmth and beauty. I've heard vaguely that they perform miracles by scraping the leather backing of fur, but I've not enquired into the whys and wherefores. When one dealt with "originals," with sable and mink and chinchilla and the rest, one couldn't obviously go in for games like these. But rabbits, it seems, can be scraped, shaved, dyed and singed, frilled, patterned, almost accordion-pleated, in any way you please. By the time the furrier people have done with it, it's got an appearance fit for an empress. They say that this charm is fleeting, and, of course, it is. Your moleskin coat is no longer the ideal legacy to be left to the children with the diamonds and the family lace. But who cares? Posterity is sure to be superior about our ideas on good taste.

Claude Harris

MISS AGNES PLATT

Who presented a new farce entitled "Meddlers" at the St. James's Theatre this week. "Meddlers" succeeds that very, very "glad" play, "Pollyanna"—which died of diabetes last week, the sweet thing!

Vaughan and Freeman

A MODERN "CLASSIC"

Miss Julie Sudo, the clever young classic dancer, in one of her numbers. She is appearing in the "Carnival Time" Cabaret at the Criterion Restaurant

BIG SHOWS COMING

HOLIDAY IMPRESSIONS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

AMERICAN and Continental fanciers have declared that the two biggest annual Dog Shows in the world are both British: the Kennel Club's and Cruft's. Preparations for the second are now far advanced, and when Cruft's opens at the Agricultural Hall on February 11, it will probably be found to have attracted something like five thousand separate entries, including the finest Dogs of every breed, from the Orkneys to Land's End—a great opportunity for students of the Dog community; for neophytes as for experts and veterans.

Later in the season will come a great open Dog Show at Ranelagh, in aid of Earl Haig's Fund for ex-Service men. The Duke of York, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord Lonsdale, and other famous folk are already concentrating on making this a very big thing.

The new number of that live magazine, *The Alsatian*, is bigger than its predecessors, and full of varied interest. One's a little surprised to find Professor J. Arthur Thomson adopting an approving tone towards the introduction of wolf blood. "There is much to be said for the tonic admixture of wolf's blood . . . no reason why it should be regarded as a bar sinister." H'm! Well, personally, the Kennelman would advise all choosers of Alsatians to give a miss to individuals and strains which markedly display the wolf eye, and above all, wolf-like manners. Another contributor mistakenly fancies that eulogy of the trained Alsatian calls for depreciation of the trained Bloodhound, and calls the latter "out-of-date"; an egregious error, in view of the recent Bloodhound trials at Savernake, in which the winners—very masterly trackers—were finely typical examples of the most *modern* Bloodhound of the show bench and ring.

Surprising the number of readers of these notes who were moved to give some of their holiday time to writing to the Kennelman—doggy experiences, resolutions, and enquiries. "I spent the week-end between Christmas and New Year at a big country house where the visitor's Dogs numbered no fewer than nine; and my hostess told me a September week-end had brought her eleven! Of the nine, four were Pekingese, two Sealyhams, two Die-Hards, one Bedlington; and I was amused to note that in the evenings the Pekes all secured *masculine* knees as resting places, not 'laps.'"

Pietermaritzburg, Tokyo, Quetta, and Adelaide all contribute interestingly to Kennelman's post-bag, and Plymouth and Sutton Coldfield readers comment on the thoughtless unkindness of Christmas shoppers who drag tiny Dogs about on leads in very crowded places, where the poor little beggars are made to feel that the world's one maze of blundering human feet, and that life is mostly one kick after another. "When we don't stand as high as the hem of your skirts, you might pick us up when you go into the scrums," seems a fairly reasonable appeal. Shoppers kindly note.

Specially interesting information about the Akita Dog of Japan comes from a Tokyo reader, who would seem to be a relative of Mr. Yogo Hama; and from "down under" about doggy doings in South Africa; but—space fails for this week. Replies shall go by post. Meantime, two warning exhortations are besought: (1) Dog stealers are specially active in West London. (2) Don't leave Dogs tied up outside shops for hours in *wet, cold weather*. It's an unkind way of asking for trouble.

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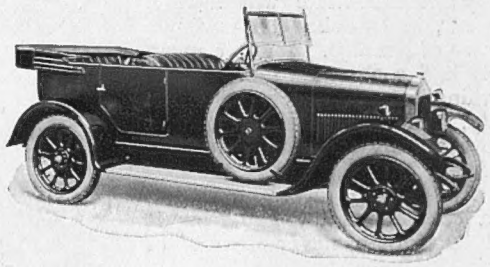

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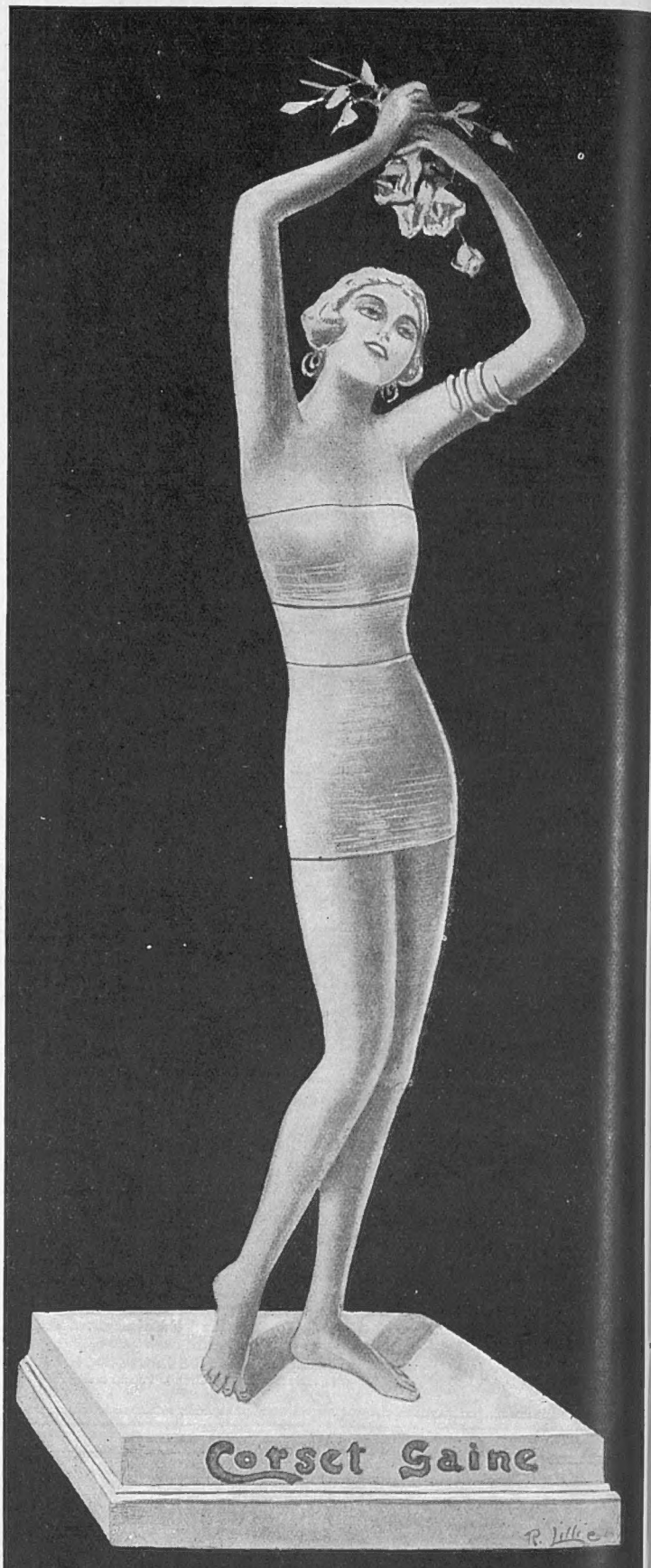

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